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LITERATURE

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EYE=WITNESS

Edited by HILAIRE BELLOC.

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

THE contrast between the welcome extended to the National Insurance Bill before its scheme was thoroughly comprehended and examined, and the chorus of adverse criticism which it has recently drawn from all quarters, forms one of the most significant warnings against hasty and immature legislation which the country has ever seen. The recent series of articles from the pens of expert writers which have been appearing in our columns discussed the Bill from many points of view, and still, on all sides, it raises severe comments. From Mr. Lloyd George's speech on Saturday last the layman might regard him as the ineffable benefactor of mankind, and over Friendly Societies in particular were his protective wings outspread. What do the Societies themselves think? At the annual gathering of the St. Mary's Lodge of Oddfellows on Monday the Grand Master made some pertinent remarks. He pointed out that whatever desires any one man might have in the House of Commons, he was not entirely master of the situation, for forces and influences were there at work beyond the conception of the ordinary man; there were serious defects in the Bill,

and to pass the Bill and amend the Act afterwards was simply ploughing the sand. Mr. George Cave, addressing a conference of Friendly Societies at Richmond, expressed himself as sure that, even with the suggested amendments, the Bill would have a very serious effect upon all such associations; that the small ones would be killed, and even the large ones would not survive for many years. On the pleasant "9d. for 4d." fiction he remarked that "on examination it would be found that people would get 5d. worth of benefits for 4d., and that the penny would in the end be found by themselves."

Unless the doctors, who held the key to the position, helped the Bill, continued Mr. Cave, it would be a failure. In THE ACADEMY of June 17th Dr. Milton Townsend clearly explained why the medical profession resents the "absolutely unacceptable conditions" which the Chancellor seeks to impose upon it. A storm of disapproval greeted the scheme when the doctors began to understand it, and the fine analysis of its provisions in our issue of July 29th exhibited its faults from the workman's point of view. We do not wish to condemn the Bill wholly; but obviously, when a number of highly important interests agree in opposition, the measure opposed is unsound in finance and hasty in construction—as happens with most of the matters Mr. Lloyd George proposes. We do not see for a moment why he should take upon himself to "stand or fall" by the Bill, and in any case it is a gross outrage on the Parliamentary system that any Minister should insist upon the passing of an important measure, affecting tremendous issues, in a time-limit which is fixed by himself.

Lord Rosebery's speech at the opening of the new Mitchell Library on Monday last, at Glasgow, was in his happiest vein of whimsicality—that whimsicality which contains more than "a grain or two of wheat among the chaff." He dilated humorously upon the terrible number of platitudes which must have been uttered on similar occasions, and went on to inquire "whether there were not 100,000 of the 180,000 books in the Mitchell Library which nobody ever asked for"—dead volumes, occupying space to no purpose. After a pessimistic improvisation on the theme of the "baffled ambitions, disappointed hopes, and crushed aspirations" represented by such a collection, Lord Rosebery went on to suggest the awakening China as a fresh field for Mr. Carnegie's vicarious literary enthusiasm. We note that the speech has been taken seriously by the librarian of Brixton, and the rosier aspect of the question is given by an interview quoted in the *Standard*. Not many "dead" books, according to his experience, find a place in a London suburban library, and the list of works asked for on a single day in the reference department, if at all typical, might reassure any one who suffers under an impression that the age is becoming less interested in intellectual affairs.

The new Opera House in the Kingsway by which Mr. Oscar Hammerstein has impressed Londoners will be opened on Monday, November 13th, with a performance of "Quo Vadis," by Jean Nongues, which is new to this country. On the Wednesday night Rossini's "William Tell," which has not been heard in England for many years, will be given, and on the Friday evening Bellini's "Norma," while the Saturday *matinée* and evening performances will be respectively "William Tell" and "Quo Vadis." Mr. Hammerstein intends to adhere to this system of five performances weekly during his whole season, Tuesday and Thursday remaining always blank days.

A TRIBUTE

O splendid soul! Into the battlefield
 You leap; upon your lips the songs of joy,
 Welcoming fearful conflict as a boy
 The pleasure that a sportive hour may yield.
 Great heart, what mighty weapon do you wield
 That victory follows always its employ?
 Had you no self-reared dragons to destroy?
 Always was glorious certainty your shield?

I too would follow where your steps lead on,
 I too would sing your praise by the camp fire,
 Defend the name envy would spit upon,
 Would hearten you to climb from high to higher,
 Be as the moon to sun when you are gone,
 Or as the wind to your Æolian lyre.

MAX PLOWMAN.

VILLA D'ESTE

Long walls are there of sable yews
 And monumental cypresses
 In unmolested avenues
 Like milestones of the centuries,
 And the great fountains through the night
 Fling up cold jets of moon-washed light.

There the deathless nightingales
 Sing unassuaged for evermore,
 And where the setting moonlight pales
 Dim throngs of trailing clouds deplore
 The perished years, like ghosts that late
 Steal from a place grown desolate.

Who shall assuage the nightingales
 Or quench the sorrow of that place?
 Its uncompanioned Spirit wails
 And covers up her sightless face:
 The waters of its founts and meres
 Are bitter with her quenchless tears.

Nor beamy dawn, nor kindling spring
 Shall dry the fountain of her grief:
 New suns and coming springtides bring
 New tears with each unfolding leaf.
 The sorrow of a withered past
 Shall last as long as grief shall last.

M. D. ARMSTRONG.

A BASELESS SUGGESTION

UNDER the leadership of Mr. Balfour the habit of occasionally calling the Unionist party together in conclave at the Carlton Club has fallen into desuetude. The memorable gathering at Lansdowne House in reference to the ill-starred Budget of 1909, was not an absolute equivalent. When one is under a hospitable roof, one is not very well placed for uttering doubtless wholesome but nevertheless unpalatable truths about temporary hosts. The atmosphere of the Carlton Club is free from such clogging conditions, and we think that Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne would have been more in touch with the sentiments of those on whose support they are dependent, if they had from time to time taken counsel with them.

After the astounding disaster of 1906 which was largely—if not mainly—in the nature of an individual and personal defeat for Mr. Balfour, the Unionist party displayed unexampled loyalty to him. Although the bitter fruit of years of laxness and avoidance of the fulfilment of

pledges to which the party was in honour and in interest bound, had disgusted the Unionist party and extinguished every vestige of enthusiasm in it, Mr. Balfour's position was not challenged.

Hanging on to office long after those of his colleagues whom the country most trusted had left his Cabinet; replacing these colleagues with mediocrities whom nobody respected as statesmen, Mr. Balfour prepared the way with the utmost diligence and success for the shattering disaster which befel his party. We shall be told that such action was a tactical error; we think it was a strategical error of the first magnitude. The leader however was retained in command, and since has done much to justify the continued confidence reposed in him.

At the present juncture, however, the party is asked to do something more than to ratify the forgiveness and the clemency of five years ago. It is asked not only to blot out from memory the disastrous results of several years of leadership prior to the General Election of 1906, but it is also asked to condone—if it cannot forget—the *débâcle* of 1911—the end of the Constitution as the nation had hitherto known it.

Again forgiveness, again condonation will doubtless be accorded to a leader who has in the past rendered conspicuous services to the country and to his party.

We would ask however whether there is not a justification for the formation of a Club which is destined to prove a serious obstacle to such regrettable incidents in the future? Lord Halsbury has in his published letter made it absolutely clear that his Club is not actuated "by any disloyalty towards the leader of the party." We never for our part supposed that it was. The situation is different. No man—however gifted and however illustrious—is we think entitled to arrogate to himself the position of a dictator. Mr. Balfour does not, in our opinion, possess the attributes of such a character, but he has gone perilously near to asserting such a position for himself. No leader of a party in recent modern days—not even the aloof Lord Salisbury himself, has kept himself in greater detachment from the thought and the sentiment of his party than has the late Prime Minister. Even if a record of unfailing success could be claimed such an attitude is out of harmony with the spirit of modern parties.

A Prime Minister or a future Prime Minister is sure to gather round him colleagues or associates whose mode of thinking approximates to his own. Public appreciation of course in some cases forces upon him certain men who are not agreeable to him; but especially in opposition the leader can surround himself very much as he desires.

The formation of the Halsbury Club has its justification in the fact that it represents a school of thought which notoriously is not that which appeals to the mild and philosophic temperament of the leader of the party. That school is essentially militant. It may be somewhat poorly equipped in all the refinements of finesse and casuistry, and may even in some aspects present some of the features of a chop-logic. The fact is nevertheless apparent that the Club represents the views of a large—if not the largest—section of the Unionist party—a section which has been inarticulate too long, and the tenets of whose faith have consequently been inadequately appraised.

"One who served under Disraeli" observes that it is difficult to believe that Lord Selborne and Mr. Austen Chamberlain deliberately desire to ostracise Mr. Balfour, Lord Lansdowne, and those who have thought and acted with them. It would be monstrous to suppose that any such desire exists. The Halsbury Club is not designed to create a line of cleavage, but a rallying point for the promulgation of a united and energetic policy.

CECIL COWPER.

COMMERCIAL LITERATURE

THIS is an age of improving literature. Messrs. Shaw, Galsworthy, Chesterton, Kipling, and Masfield have already improved us considerably, and will no doubt continue to do so, and this is as it should be. But since a changeless diet of lesson-books is unwholesome for the literary student, we may allow ourselves now and again to rest our minds with that kind of literature that leaves us as imperfect as it finds us. French kickshaws are sweet to the palate after a surfeit of your funeral baked meats, and it is probably true that the demand for light fiction increases as our novelists grow more serious. I doubt whether I should have enjoyed my catalogue of bulbs so much if I had not just read that depressing masterpiece "Sister Carrie."

It supplied my mind with a bridge whereby to pass from autumn to spring without suffering from the fogs and east winds and rainy, muggy nights of our English winter, and fitly enough the cover was adorned with a spring-like picture of a pretty Dutch girl—the real article, and not the creature in a striped petticoat that prances gracelessly at English music-halls. Only the artist had not given her a large enough mouth to satisfy my craving for naturalism, for I have noticed that in the Low Countries even the pretty girls can make one bite of an apple. The photographs of flowers with which the book was illustrated were very satisfactory, for the beauty of hyacinths and tulips and daffodils depends on their form rather than their colour, and they lose little by being reproduced in black-and-white.

But even better than the photographs was the letterpress, which had evidently been written by a Dutchman with an equal enthusiasm for flowers and the English tongue. The merits of his prose can only be illustrated by quotation:—"The ubiquitous sparrow is the gardener's most inveterate enemy, for of good in the garden he does little or none, while of irreparable damage he annually does much. Sparrows strip our yellow crocuses of their petals. Notwithstanding the possibility of much of the beauty being destroyed by these marauders, it is indefensible to omit crocuses from the garden." In a similar spirit he cries, "Can any one imagine what our gardens, greenhouses and conservatories would be like in spring if we had no tulips? . . . The dull corner is enlivened by their presence, and the bright place is made still brighter." Moreover we can have "brilliant effects without putting our hand into our pockets to a very serious depth." How kindly and humanly and wisely he writes of miniature hyacinths:—

In comparison with the typical Dutch hyacinth it is fair to say that the miniatures are toys, and are not, therefore, worthy of serious attention. For one purpose they no doubt have a substantial value, and that is for children, who, while small themselves, may prefer a small rather than an adult bulb. This is a phase of bulb growing that might well be accorded much greater encouragement, for the production of really excellent miniature hyacinths is well within the powers of the little ones, whose interest in flowers is beyond question increased when they can watch the progress of their own nurslings.

With daffodils, as he reminds us, "there is a beautiful latitude in price." We can pay "thirty guineas for some highly extolled novelty, or we can have a thousand sound flowering bulbs for as small a sum as one and a half guineas. 'Common!' some one may say. Yes, but if planted in the grass in the wild garden or the woodland they will make a lovely display." It is difficult to stop quoting a man who can write of the leaves of a plant "showing signs of going to rest," of hardy spring flowers that "make their lovely appearance every year," and who can describe a flower

"amaranth red maroon stripes, and all tigered over with black." Let us leave him with his "chaste Poet's Narcissus, which is beloved of everybody. . . . Grow them by hundreds in the garden and by thousands in the grass of the woodland, and their beautiful flowers will never fatigue the eye."

Incidentally this last is a flower that I should recommend for the gardens of critics. In the course of my wanderings in this charming catalogue I have found other bulbs that should also appeal to the catholic student of literature. I shall search his garden next spring for the hyacinths named after Lord Macaulay, Charles Dickens, and Voltaire, for Alfred Tennyson and Sir Walter Scott their crocuses, and for John Davidson daffodils. His tulips must be none other than your "tall and stately Darwins," though perhaps a partial exception might be made in favour of those named after Thomas Moore. In this way flower-beds might be made as significant as a man's bookshelves.

It is strange how poorly an English catalogue compares with these enthusiastic pages from Holland. The home product is better printed and the photographs are better reproduced, but the letterpress is pedestrian, and lacking in that essential quality that the late Mr. J. M. Synge called "joy." It cannot be denied that the English tradesman has an extraordinary contempt for considerations of style. The moment a Frenchman has anything to sell he coins a phrase about it, and nine times out of ten the phrase is poetical. During the recent heat-wave a man who sold fans in the streets of Paris christened them the "little north winds," a flight of fancy of which a London street-hawker is certainly incapable. Nor does the catalogue of an English bulb importer remind me of Bacon's essay on gardens, as it very easily might.

Nevertheless there are not wanting signs to cheer the student of commercial literature. I do not greatly care for the newer kind of advertising that apes the impertinent familiarities of a deplorable school of journalism, but it pleases me that Messrs. Whiteley should persuade me to buy their rose-bushes with a quotation from George Herbert. It is even more delightful that the Underground Railways of London should invite me to visit Covent Garden or the Imperial Institute by means of a quatrain of Fitzgerald's "Omar." The application may not be obvious to any one who has not seen their subtle leaflet entitled "The Rose"—indeed, it may not be very clear to those who have—but the intention of this and similar leaflets is excellent. The man in the Tube should feel flattered at being approached in so cultured a fashion.

In the day when all our acknowledged writers shall have become preachers or philosophers perhaps the young men with a theory of beauty and no theory as to the economic conditions of the poor will be permitted to employ their perverse gifts in the preparation of catalogues. They will do it very well, forming new unions between adjectives and nouns, and ransacking their souls to find the true colours and shapes of things. The catalogue as an artistic form hardly exists to-day, but it is certain to make its appearance sooner or later. For instance, there is no reason why a catalogue of fireirons should not be as emotionally and artistically significant as a necklace of carved beads. It would touch on the natures of metals—how some metals are able to resist fire, while others preserve a polish and charm the eye. It would quote Mr. Max Beerbohm's essay on fire, the raging animal that we keep in cages in our houses, and point out the need for instruments with which to awake and control and feed this animal. It would examine the characters of men, how one man will want a poker like a sword while another will want a poker like a ploughshare—if such a poker there be. It would liken the tongs

to the hands of a miser, and the shovel to a beggar's paw thrust out for alms. It would remind the elderly that the fireguard round the nursery fire is a lattice-window through which young eyes can see half the wonders of fairyland on winter nights, fire-ships and palaces of flame, lurid caverns inhabited by goblins with red eyes and bodies of smoke. Really, it would be great fun to write a catalogue like that.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

LA VEILLE DE LA VIERGE

It is the Eve of the Assumption. To-morrow all Brittany will go to Mass in the morning, and thereafter will take holiday. At Lanmeur, five miles away, there is a "Pardon." The roads will be black with peasants in their best—the men fluttering ribbons behind their hats, the girls with rich shawls and lace coifs nodding as they go. They will be dusty with the sweeping past of a hundred *voitures* bearing holiday-makers to the little Place in the centre of the village—normally as quiet as Sleepy Hollow, but now encumbered with stalls and shows and roundabouts, and roaring with a joyful traffic. The costumes and the dances, the merriment and noise, will be interesting enough in their way. But in these days every "Pardon" must have something banal: in Lanmeur, for example, the steam-organ has taken the place of the *binioù*, the ancient Breton bagpipe. There will be a Procession with priests and banners, and girls in white; but in front of it there will be a tourist in knickerbockers, walking backwards like a captain of the Salvation Army, pointing his camera.

So to-morrow we will stay at Le Moulin de la Rive. We will let who care venture the dusty road and listen to the raucous voices of a thousand reeds blowing forth the comic airs of yester-year. As we cycled through on Saturday, we heard a rehearsal of part of to-morrow's concert. It was a French tune, I believe, but in English ears it is infallibly and irrevocably associated with the words of a horrible jingle:—

If I catch you bending,
I'll saw your leg off!

The threat lent wings to our toes and vigour to our thighs. As for us, therefore, to-morrow we will sit under the cliff and see the peasants bring the horses down to the flat beach to bathe, since the bounteous harvest is well in hand, and neither the noble beasts nor their masters will work.

To-night, however, by going no more than three hundred yards from our Mill, we may glimpse a bit of the true old Brittany. As we walk up the steep road the harvest moon is rising over the hills to the east, red in a sky of serene, perfect, velvety blue. But on every elevated point in all the country round the harvest moon, wide-eyed, gazes with astonishment upon rival luminaries. They glitter and flicker, now bright as silver, now red as the moon herself. It is the Eve of the Assumption, and, as on the Eve of La Saint-Jean, the peasants of Brittany hail the approach of the festival with joy-fires. Beam answers beam—one on the hill above us, another on Penennis Height, two to the west, many on the cliffs across the sea by distant Trebeurden, challenging the warning light of the *phare* which flashes near the Seven Islands. But these are other men's affairs. *Nous autres*, we of the little community at the Mill by the Shore must have our own *feu de joie* to celebrate the Feast of the Virgin. And so we build it by the cross-roads.

"Le meunier" is a *bonhomme* of the first water. Partly to shelter his little mill from the storms and partly to provide

his hearth with fuel he has built a tall stack of dry gorse to seaward, and he will let us take toll of this.

"Qu'on apporte des fagots!"

The word of command is given by a large, dark-skinned, black-eyed youth, who tacitly assumes the mastery of ceremonies. Soon the swish of the furze faggots is heard on the road. Old men and youths, matrons and maidens tug at them, and with cries of triumph throw them on the pile. A girl advances from a circle of shadows, and, as she stoops over the little torch she holds, her brunette beauty, crowned with white lace, is seen in high relief.

"Voilà!"

The fire springs up, the blaze of dry brushwood mounts ten feet into the air, and sings high with a hiss and a crackle to the bourdon of the sea below. No fuel provides such a wealth of sparks as dry furze. The display recalls the scene of the gipsy-forge in the wood, described by George Borrow in a memorable passage, where he quotes the beautiful Romany metaphor of the sparks: "More than a hundred lovely daughters I see produced at one time, fiery as roses. In one moment they expire gracefully circumvolving." The sudden light is intense. It converts the ring of shadows into a circle of merry faces and shining eyes. A clatter of voices mingles the sharp-ringing, musical Breton with the smooth torrent of French. Those of us who have been to the State school talk both languages fluently.

"Balancez les enfants!" cries the Master of Ceremonies.

The victims are sought out with much hiding, chasing and laughter. Two great peasants, with broad features and enormous shoulders (who might, for every external appearance, be "bhoys" from County Kerry), cross and join their hands. The children are placed upon them, and they swing to a rhythmic chant:—

Un, deux, trois, quatre,
Cinq, six, sept, huit—
et Neuf!

but the last word is drowned by piercing shrieks, for the plunge which accompanies it is towards the fire. Our *feu de joie* is too big to swing the children across, but some adventurous youths fulfil tradition by leaping through the flames from one side to the other, as they used to do in my own land of Devon not so many years ago. Men and women, lads and maidens, too, all bring their fern-leaves and cast them into the fire, thus perpetuating (unconsciously, no doubt) the superstition against which the pious Naogeorgus protested these many centuries since, that herbs thus burnt on a ceremonial occasion give protection against malignant influences, which, as Naogeorgus declared, is "far other-wise than the nature of the Word of God doth tell."

It is to be confessed, however, that this evening we are assembled from motives of merriment rather than of observance.

"On va balancer Mademoiselle Marie!" is the next command. It is acclaimed with unanimous and frantic applause.

Mademoiselle Marie is a girl of the country, who has sought fortune and fame in Paris, and not in vain. She has the typical beauty of her race; she is veritably *la Bretonne*, serious, large, serene. With a gentle smile she comes forward from the hedge where she has been leaning.

"Ah, well, my children," says she, "you may try, but you will hardly swing me."

And the task does prove more than enough for them.

"Un, deux, trois!—Mon Dieu!" cry the two boys in one

breath, as they drop her. "One would not have believed Mademoiselle Marie was so heavy!"

"'Tis Paris and a lazy life; 'c'est le flegme,' she replies with a smile. "One does not know what work is there, Yves—is it not so? But, here!—I will dance for you."

The ring closes in. Mademoiselle Marie steps to the centre in the firelight. Her shadow flits upon the roadway as she moves, gently at first, singing quietly as she dances:

C'est la fille de la meunière,
Qui dansait avec les gars—
Jiboudi! Jibouda!
On dit qu'elle est malade;
Jiboudi! Jibouda!
On dit qu'elle en mourra!

Look well in the eyes of Mademoiselle Marie, and you will see a reflection, not of the fire at Le Moulin, not of the circle of her schoolfellows around, but of a crowded theatre, and she the central figure on the stage. Gradually her voice rises, her eyes sparkle, the pace of the dance quickens. She flits to and fro in the limelight, with a sea of faces in the dimness beyond:

Jiboudi! Jibouda!
On dit qu'elle est malade. . . .

The gods take up the refrain. She waves her hand to them. The whole house claps and shuffles its feet, and is worked into a frenzy of song.

Mademoiselle Marie dances till she is exhausted, then retires into the wings. The limelight dies away; the *feu de joie* of the Virgin shines again. The wings vanish. Instead are the dark hedges of furze and heather. In place of the gods in the gallery, behold Yves and his companions.

Another faggot to freshen the blaze, a ring around the circle of flame, a hundred feet twinkling and heads nodding in a whirling dance. Mademoiselle Marie has disappeared. Presently her voice is heard calling—

"Allons, mes enfants! Une retraite!"

The ring breaks up.

"Oh, but this is fine! See—the lanterns! Bravo, Marie! Follow Marie!"

Mademoiselle Marie appears, twirling an umbrella with four Chinese lanterns depending. Thus illuminated, she heads a march along the road in each direction as far as the glare of the fire extends, singing always, until sheer fatigue compels a standstill, and the last faggot is added to the pile. The night is wearing out.

"Yves va chanter!" cries the Master of Ceremonies.

The great boy with the bashful face and the curling brown hair steps into the circle, and in a gruff voice commences the Breton song, "Oh, my country!" —

Oh ma Mam-Vro! Me gar ma Bro,
Tra ma vo mor 'vel mur'n he zro. . . .

A sorrowful strain in the patriotic anthem, carrying some suggestion of the sadness of a small nation in course of gradual assimilation by a great one, leaves a certain quiet upon the assembly. It begins to melt away from the outskirts, with soft and gentle good-nights.

"Kènnavo!"

"Kènnavo, mes enfants!" says Mademoiselle Marie. But—
"Attention!"

The voice of the Master of Ceremonies rings out again.

"Il y a des Anglais ici. Chantons le Godsafzeking!"

A motor-car full of English tourists rushes down the hill on the way from Morlaix to Locquirec, and its passengers stand up to look back at the embers of the fire and to hear

the strains of their National Anthem, not in the version familiar to modern ears, but precisely in that of an old copy which I possess, intitled "A Loyal Song: Sung at both Theatres," and published when Marshal Wade was marching against the Jacobites.

"Kènnavo! Bon soir! . . . Good-night!"

We leave the embers of the bonfire glowing.

And so we celebrated La Sainte Marie at Le Moulin de la Rive.

R. A. J. WALLING.

TRIPOLI AND AFTER

By SUDANI

THE conflict between Italy and Turkey pursues its course. Italy has already landed an imposing army at Tripoli, and it is probable by the time these lines are in print she will have successfully occupied Tobruk and Derna and Tokrah, and the other miserable collections of hovels that are the coast towns. It is not likely that the landing of troops at Benghazi will be attended with any greater difficulty than those already effected. Possibly even, an expedition will have been made against the Turkish forces which have retired some twelve hours' march inland, where their strength is said to be under 5,000 men, with five batteries of artillery. The sooner this is undertaken the better, for the Turkish troops will quickly experience great difficulty in obtaining supplies, in which matter the Arab population is not likely to afford them much, if any, assistance.

The apparently gross act of aggression perpetrated by Italy will probably lose some of its more objectionable features as gradually the history of the many unnecessary and aggravating pinpricks inflicted by the Turks on Italian settlers in the Tripolitaine since 1881 becomes better known to the world. To Turkey apparently—unseeing as usual—Italy's action is an act of persecution as unwarranted as unexpected, and Turkey's greatest statesman and leader, Mahmoud Shevket Pasha, who is to all intents and purposes War Lord and chief ruler of the Ottoman Dominions, has declared that his country was prepared against every other possible enemy save Italy. It is more than probable that were this contention put to the proof it would be found to lack accuracy. It may be feared that if the announced decision of the Turkish Government to expel from her borders the very large Italian population they enclose be carried into force, events may arise that will cause more to be heard of the War Minister's boast.

Turkey, no doubt, has cause of grievance, but that is solely in consequence of her unreasoning shortsightedness. To every one who has studied the story of this stretch of the African coast since when, in 1881, the French took action there and bombarded Sfax and established at Bizerta one of the world's most formidable naval arsenals, it has been evident that sooner or later the power for expansion of Italy in this part of the Mediterranean must be asserted. No doubt the action of Germany in Southern Morocco offered to the statesmen of Italy their opportunity. This, however, was but the occasion of timely chance. It was inevitable that Italy should at the earliest convenient moment establish a permanent suzerainty over this strip of the African continent.

This much may be said to be now accomplished by the hoisting of the Italian flag on the forts and Government houses of the Barbary coast towns. Fighting no doubt will still continue for a time, but inasmuch as the Turkish soldiers have ever hated their sojourn in Barbary and have regarded

their term of service there much as a sentence of exile or even death, the active opposition of Mahmoud Shevket's forces is not likely to be either keen or prolonged. The difference indeed between Turkey and Italy can quite probably be satisfactorily settled by a protocol in the course of a fortnight.

Here is where Italy's trouble begins, and not only the trouble of Italy, but of England and of France. It is an easy matter to bombard and conquer a mud-and-coral-built coast town equipped with antiquated fortifications and prehistoric artillery. It is an easy matter to assume ascendancy and dominion of a stretch of coast whose immediate populace has been for many years dependent for subsistence on the foreign settlers' support. The Arabs have from all time hated the Turks and resented the claimed ascendancy of Turkey's Sultan. They therefore will probably in the main welcome any accident which removes from them this obsession. But from that immediate knowledge of emancipation to a more fully developed sense of freedom, and therefore of power, will be but a small journey.

In Africa, and especially in Northern Africa, the greatest existing force is Islam, and Mahomedanism is and has ever been essentially missionary. We Christian peoples have spent countless millions of money and sacrificed innumerable valiant souls in the prosecution in the wild lands of the world of the teachings by which we hold faith. In the records of our praiseworthy missionary work which are annually given to the public the worth of these heroic endeavours is set forth in figures, and it can but be allowed that the balance in favour of Christianity is small. All the Christian countries of the earth have set themselves to inculcate in the minds of the vast fetish-worship races of the world (who are still more numerous than the votaries of any received religion) the principles of their faith, and all of them combined have failed to gain the number of converts that have been received into Islam.

The wide establishment of Moslemism, it may be said, encloses many more sects than are contained in Christianity, and among these *Tarikhs*, or sects, perhaps the most popular, most forceful, and widest-spreading throughout Africa is that of the Senoussi (or Wahabism). Since this Tripoli question has arisen it has been set forth in the journals that the Senoussi are a tribe inhabiting the hinterland of Tripoli. This of course is an error. The Senoussi have always been enemies of the Turks, and have never acknowledged the Sultan, but since the days of "Anastatius"—that marvellous epitome of Turkish manners, attributed to Thomas Hope—whose author gives a vivid account of his sojourn among the Wahabis, the sect has gained a vast number of converts.

There is not perhaps much danger of a descent in force by the Senoussi warriors on the stronger Italian garrisons of the coast, but it may be anticipated that for years to come the followers of the Senoussi Mahdi will fall upon and destroy the smaller Italian posts in the hinterland and the convoys and expeditions that may be passing between them. This, it may be urged, is a problem for the consideration of the Italians alone. But such is not the case. It has long been recognised that the main strength of the Senoussi movement is in its firm and fixed antagonism to European ideals and to Europeans in themselves. Hitherto they have not molested the Egyptian frontiers, although their influence is almost as paramount in the rich Lybian oasis of Siveh (twelve days distant from Cairo) as at Djeraboub, a chief stronghold of the Senoussi Emirs. The Senoussi were hostile to the Mahdi, and it was at one time expected that they would make an expedition against the Khalifa in the Egyptian Sudan. We used to hear how the Senoussi Mahdi, preparing for attack, was wont to parade each Friday his own body-guard of 4,000 horsemen clad in chain-mail.

The attack was not made, but when, after the victory at Omdurman, old campaigning friends who had seen together years of Sudan warfare were making farewell, the question on each man's lips was: "What is our next war hereabouts?" and the consensus of opinion—held, it should be said, also by Lord Kitchener, Sir Reginald Wingate, and Sir Rudolf Slatin, who may be called the most reliable authorities on African matters—was that the next great war that we should need to wage from Egypto-Sudanese possessions might be a campaign against the dominance and religious sovereignty of the Imam of the Senoussi of Wadai. Great Britain wants no such war at the present time.

The proselytism of the Senoussi is the most far-reaching Mahomedan influence that has absorbed Africa since the day when the Sudan Mahdi declared himself, or was declared, at El-Obeid in 1881. It is an influence that has been growing ever since the downfall of the Khalifa in 1898. It may be said indeed that it was throughout an influence antagonistic to that of Abdullahi-el-Taishi, and that even during his twelve years of misrule it had gained strength and position in the Western Sudan. Already the influence of Senoussi missionaries extends from Wadai to as near a point in the Lybian desert as Djeraboub and Siveh, which last is, after all, but a few camel-marches from Cairo.

The Senoussi, like all other Mahomedan sects, are eminently militant, and are consistently hostile to all European approaches. Until in 1898 the gallant Marquis de Maures and his little band of followers were murdered at a Senoussi outpost in the Bahr-el-Ghazal, only one other party of Europeans had ever attempted to penetrate the territory held by these savage fanatics, among whom the sinister veiled Touaregs are the Emir's foremost champions, and of that party none returned.

Italy's aggressive action in Tripoli should interest us in so far as she is concerned to the extent only that her warships may throw shells and her transports land eager and gallant troops upon the African coast, and that she will doubtless establish herself with more or less security upon that seaboard. Yet the tale of Italy's African enterprises is not encouraging. It is not possible for one who was at Erkowit in early 1896 to forget the great defeat at Adowa, and the way in which the Italians, who had lost nine thousand killed of their own kinsmen, sat down under that disaster and made no forward movement against the ill-armed and ill-organised Abyssinian forces massed against them. Nor could any man who witnessed later the embarkation at Massawa of the hapless, emasculated Italians who had been prisoners with the Queen of Abyssinia's army believe that at any time the forcefulness of Italian uniforms could prevail over Moslem stubbornness, fanaticism, and a lust of plunder.

In striking this blow at Tripoli, Italy, feeble and ineffective as always, has possibly wrought wide-reaching ill to the greatest Mahomedan Power in the world, which is Great Britain. We must perforce at least connive at Italy's action. We cannot, having our own vast interests in regard, do otherwise than condemn her.

SOME NEW FRENCH BOOKS

AMONGST the novels—many, too many, alas! mediocrities and trivialities—recently presented to us, one stands out above the rest, both in its conception and in its command of language. This is "*La Maitresse Servante*," by Jérôme and Jean Tharaud (Emile Paul, Paris, 3f. 50c.). At first this work surprises one slightly by the contrast afforded by the excessively modern psychological problem it relates, and its old-fashioned, or rather classical, form and language. Indeed

this stilted naïveté of style seems to have been worked out to its utmost extent by the authors, who, perhaps, wish to dissimulate under an apparent simplicity their very great knowledge of the science of writing.

The hero, who is also the narrator of the intimate drama related, is a young *hobereau*, which word corresponds fairly well to the English "gentleman-farmer." He tells us his own story, simply, concisely, calmly, and it is a story which arrests our attention by the very bitterness and melancholy which emanate from it. At eighteen years of age or thereabouts he goes to Paris, like so many other young provincials, in order to complete his education. He leaves behind him the beautiful Limousin countryside, the old family dwelling, his widowed mother, and all the simple, healthy interest of a *châtelain's* life. He spends several unprofitable years in the capital trying to persuade himself and others that there is no life worth living excepting that of the Latin Quarter, with its *cafés*, its vain talk, and its idle plans. In the course of time he meets the woman, his senior by five years. She is ordinary both in feature and mind, but he imagines that he loves her, and the inevitable follows.

When his mother calls him home to take up the management of the estate his one condition in obeying her is that Mariette, his mistress, shall accompany him, and live in an old farmhouse at a stone's-throw from the *gentilhomme's* residence. At first his mother is obdurate; she is outraged by her son's proposition—the scandal the situation would cause appals her. But after a while she agrees to the terms stipulated by her son, for her shrewd brain has conceived a plan which will unfailingly detach him from the humble woman he loves. The hero of the story becomes gradually re-enthralled by the charm of rural life; all his bucolic atavism seems to awaken within him; he takes a renewed interest in the simple, healthy pleasures of the country. And Mariette, who is, so to speak, a living memory of the fruitless, artificial existence he lived in Paris, seems to recede from his thoughts and affection, and to occupy a more and more less prominent place in his life. His mother, thinking the time ripe for action, makes poor, neglected Mariette work for her, and even engages her as servant. She accepts this position gratefully, for, realising that her lover is becoming more and more alien to her, she is content to be able to live near him as the humble handmaiden of his mother. And thus the *bourgeois* prejudice, which had at first been ruffled by Mariette's advent, takes a cruel revenge.

The son marries, and the coming into the story of the wife furnishes the authors of "La Maitresse Servante" with the subject of an original and strong psychological development. The mother becomes fiercely jealous of her young daughter-in-law; she resents her assuming the place of mistress in the family dwelling, and also the authority she exercises over her husband. At last, life having become unbearable for her in the old homestead, the mother abandons it, and goes to live in a neighbouring farmhouse which belongs to her. And, feeling lonely, she calls to her side Mariette, the rejected mistress, hoping to find in her an ally and a friend. Mariette thus becomes the much-loved servant who inherits the mother's small property at the latter's death. The hero of "La Maitresse Servante" has the sorrow of losing his wife, to whom he was sincerely attached, for she was at the same time of his race and of his class. He continues to live in the grim *gentilhomme's* residence with his children, and often he rides over to Mariette's farmhouse in an instinctive desire of companionship, to talk with her of the days gone by.

Some might qualify this book as being immoral; they would be in the wrong. It is a very precise, calm, unprejudiced description of divers characters, who all have one trait of resemblance—an intense egotism. Contradiction

personified is the hero's chief characteristic. Like so many weak people, his dominant preoccupation is to appear both independent and free, and in order to give this impression he always hastens to oppose any proposition or suggestion made to him. The character of the mother is admirably drawn—hard, harsh, unforgiving, and authoritative, she is a very true type of a certain category of Frenchwomen of the country districts. As for Mariette, she is touching and sad; her great love renders her a curious if rather despicable example of the *amoureuse*, for humility to the extent to which she carries it ceases to be a virtue and becomes simply contemptible. Mariette had evidently never heard of Kant's remark—"Can he who makes himself a worm thereafter complain of being crushed?"

MM. Jérôme and Jean Tharaud's book is further greatly enhanced by their fine descriptions of the Limousin Province—of its picturesque countryside and of the life and psychology of its inhabitants. Some of these descriptions greatly remind us of certain of those contained in Madame Marguerite Audoux's "Marie-Claire" on account of their conciseness and intensity. The contrast existing between the eighteenth-century style, in which the authors of "La Maitresse Servante" have written their work, and the very modernism and audacity of the subject treated may provoke criticism. But one must remember that, although the action takes place in our days, the outward appearance of the characters described, as well as the scenes and sites depicted, seem rather to belong to bygone times. It is precisely this sharp opposition between the form and the *fond* which gives to MM. Tharaud's remarkable work its very distinct savour and originality.

M. Albert Savine has collected in a curious little volume a series of interesting documents concerning French provincial prisons during the Reign of Terror ("Les Géolés de Province sous la Terreur," Michard, Paris, 3f. 50c.). The documents are in general the narratives left to posterity by some of the prisoners themselves, and M. Savine has patiently compiled and annotated them. We are thus initiated to the horrors which took place in the prisons of Chantilly, of Senlis, and also of Arras, where the hideous Joseph Le Bon reigned as supreme master, and introduced the Terror into that town. The revelations of the Arras Jail are written by Montjey and Poirier, two barristers of Dunkirk, who were arrested by order of Joseph Le Bon, and who were incarcerated for four months in the prison of La Providence. They owed their life only to the fall of the Terrorist party. This narrative is most curious, as it reveals the intense tribulations and humiliations to which all the victims of the Revolution, but more especially the women, were subjected. The chapter dealing with the prisons of Lyons is related by the Royalist, Antoine-François Delandine, and we think it may interest our readers to peruse the following passage, which describes the fearful end of sixty-nine young men condemned to a most unusual death by the Revolutionary Tribunal of Lyons:—

C'est de Roanne que sortirent pour aller à la mort soixante neuf jeunes gens, condamnés à un genre de trépas inusité. Le canon devait emporter leurs membres éparés et les semer au milieu de nombreux spectateurs, amis de sang et de cette barbare nouveauté. Le lieu de cette scène lamentable fut la plaine des Brotteaux. Deux fossés parallèles avaient été creusés pour recevoir les corps des morts et des mourants. Une haie de soldats bordait chaque ligne en dehors des fossés, et menaçait de l'œil, du sabre et du fusil quiconque aurait tenté de s'écarter de la direction précise où il devait attendre le boulet qui devait terminer sa vie. Cette direction était le plan horizontal, large d'environ trois pieds, qui se trouvait entre les deux fossés. Là furent placés les condamnés, garottés deux à

deux à la suite les uns des autres. . . . Les jeunes gens offrirent de concert, et par un mouvement spontané, l'hommage de leurs derniers instants au bonheur de leur pays. Sans imprécations, sans se plaindre, sans montrer le moindre signe de faiblesse, ils firent entendre ce refrain courageux :—

“ Mourir pour sa patrie
Est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie.”

A peine commençaient-ils à le répéter une seconde fois que l'horrible décharge vint l'interrompre. Celle-ci n'eut pas tout le succès qu'on s'en était promis. Elle ne tua pas le tiers des malheureux qui l'essuyèrent, mais presque tous en sentirent les cruelles atteintes et furent blessés. Dès lors des ruisseaux de sang se répandirent dans les fossés et les gémissements de la douleur percèrent à travers le bruit continu de la fusillade qui s'unifiait au canon pour opérer la destruction. Enfin les soldats traversèrent les fossés, et avec le sabre ils la complétèrent. Ces soldats, peu exercés à manier les armes, et la plupart égorgeant pour la première fois, restèrent plus de deux heures à consommer le massacre.

“ Les Géôles de France sous la Terreur ” contains many anecdotes of interest, and we have to thank M. Savine for having thus compiled for our benefit a curious recapitulation of one of the most exciting periods history has ever recorded.

Madame Marcelle Tinayre consecrates her talent to the almost exclusive study of feminine psychology. In her latest work, “ La Douceur de Vivre ” (Calman Lévy, Paris, 3f. 50c.), she represents the influence she believes *milieu* and climate may exercise on two emotional young women of essentially different natures. The problem she tries to resolve is perhaps interesting, but it is to be regretted that, in order to prove her theory, she has chosen as background and chief agent of her story the city of Naples and the ruins of Pompeii. It would have been preferable had she placed her heroines in a more exotic, or at least a less well-known environment; the reader would have been infinitely grateful to her, as really Naples has been rather over-rated lately, as a determining influence on the nervous systems of excitable young persons. We are all slightly *blasés* concerning Vesuvius, Santa Lucia, Sorrento, and the inevitable Neapolitan with blazing eyes and easy morals. “ La Douceur de Vivre ” contains nevertheless some sketches of the Archaeological Society, which has fixed its headquarters amidst the mysterious old stones of Pompeii, which are interesting as being both unusual and curious. It is, however, highly improbable that it is simply the atmosphere of Naples which causes Isabelle van Coppenalle, daughter of the grey-skied Flanders, to be so forgetful of her conjugal duties. It is almost certain that even in Courtrai, where Fate has doomed her to live, she would have allowed her sentimental imagination to run unbridled. Young Flemish women do not, as a rule, require the aid of any climatic stimulants to awaken their naturally ardent and romantic temperaments. Who, indeed, could possibly blame poor Isabelle in thus transgressing, hampered as she was with so fearful a mother-in-law and so practical a husband. In any case, she will surely be sadly punished for her *caprice*, after having passed a few months with the captivating, unscrupulous Angelo, whose name sadly belies his character. “ La Douceur de Vivre ” is lacking in unity and is far from approaching in value Madame Marcelle Tinayre's other works, such as “ La Maison du Pêché ” and “ La Rebelle ” which undoubtedly rank amongst the finest of modern French novels. But surely the author's next book, “ Le Fruit de Cendre, ” which is already announced, will reassert for its creator the indisputable claim to real talent which has been assured to her by her previous works.

MARC LOGÉ.

REVIEWS

VIEWS OF A REVOLUTIONIST

The Record of an Adventurous Life. By HENRY MAYERS HYNDMAN. With Portrait Frontispiece. (Macmillan and Co. 15s. net.)

THIS book is exceedingly interesting in spite of the fact that it is not a book, properly speaking, at all, for a book has always something to do with a man's soul, whereas this volume is what its title proclaims it to be—merely a record of a man's life and the incidents of it. It tells us little or nothing about the man himself. One has to learn to know Mr. Hyndman, at second-hand, so to speak, by the lines of relation which he has drawn from himself to others; and these are not carefully drawn, but whimsically, with humour good and bad. In order to measure Mr. Hyndman we shall have to go of necessity first of all to his loves and his admirations.

Mr. Hyndman has met nearly every distinguished and able man in England, America, and France in the latter half of the nineteenth century; his book brings one to '89 or '90; the last twenty years or so are to be dealt with in a later volume. Who, then, are the men Mr. Hyndman admires in these countries? His warmest praises are given to a gentleman he calls Jack Williams. He contrasts Mr. Jack Williams with Mr. John Burns, and, while saying every contemptuous thing he can about John Burns, he lavishes all his praise on “the energetic, self-sacrificing, indefatigable agitator” Jack Williams, and takes shame to himself and his fellow-Socialists for not fully realising “the dignity and greatness of the indefatigable little figure,” and finally he takes off “his hat to Jack as one of the noblest men who ever fought under the Red Flag.” Now all this praise is boyish-inspiring; but it is hardly more convincing than the contempt and dislike shown to John Burns, who in his way is an even finer fellow than Jack Williams. Mr. Hyndman is a black-and-white artist: if you are his friend, or rather his supporter, you are all that is noble; but if you venture to disagree with him on politics your moral character is clearly to blame.

Mr. Hyndman admires too, on the whole, but with many reservations, a better-known man, let us say, than Mr. Jack Williams—Mr. William Morris, the poet. He is filled with admiration for Morris so long as Morris worked with the Social Democratic Federation. In fact, his account of some of the talks with Morris at Kelmscott House, Hammersmith, are the best things in the book. But Morris's virtue did not last long; after a couple of years Mr. Hyndman has to tell of “the deplorable split, which, arising chiefly out of a personal misunderstanding with myself, did the greatest possible harm to the entire Socialist movement and led to those unfortunate sectional combinations which have been and still are so prejudicial to the whole Socialist development in Great Britain.” And then, of course, Morris's fame suffered a dire eclipse, and he vanished into what used to be called outer darkness—outside, that is, of the S.D.F.

William Morris reappeared, however, a few years later. When Mr. Hyndman went down to contest Burnley in 1892 Mr. Morris got on the platform with him and said: “In 1884 Hyndman and I had a great quarrel, and I have to say this—that he was quite right and I was quite wrong.” Mr. Hyndman comments on this astonishing confession thus: “That was very noble of Morris. I believe it to be the precise truth;” no more characteristic stroke of self-portrayal could possibly have been made, and no more humorous stroke, though naturally enough Mr. Hyndman

does not see the humour of it. Small wonder after this that some journalist wanted to know why Mr. Hyndman persisted in calling himself the Social Democratic Federation.

The American whom Mr. Hyndman elects for praise is William Henry Hurlbert—"one of the most brilliant men I have ever encountered." Theodore Roosevelt did not impress him—"an average American," merely; Mr. Hyndman lavishes all possible praise on Hurlbert, a man of extraordinary ability and a "profound knowledge of the world." Every one who ever met and knew Hurlbert will smile at the extravagant laudation. Among the Frenchmen Mr. Hyndman loves Jaurès best, though he devotes three or four interesting pages to Clémenceau, who is of course a far greater personality and a far abler man than the Socialist orator and whilom professor. But when Mr. Hyndman praises, it must be admitted that he praises wholeheartedly. He says of Clémenceau: "He was at one and the same time the best Leader of Opposition, the best debater, the best conversationist, the best shot, and the best fencer in France," and later he became "the best journalist." One only wonders how many talkers in France Mr. Hyndman has met; we can assure him there are infinitely better talkers or conversationists, if he prefers the word, than M. Clémenceau.

But the god of Mr. Hyndman's idolatry is the German agitator Liebknecht. Liebknecht is his ideal of a democratic statesman. He goes so far as to put him above Marx and Lassalle, for he "more than any other man was the founder of German political Social Democracy as we now know it." Yet no one has ever attributed a new idea of any kind to poor Liebknecht, who was, as Carlyle said of George Eliot, "neither wise nor watty, but just dull."

Now against all these pumped-up eulogies we find an even greater number of contemptuous disparagements in Mr. Hyndman's record; but one instance may suffice. Mr. Hyndman knew Bernard Shaw very early. He talks of him on one page as a member of the Social Democratic Federation—one of Shaw's chief claims to distinction in Mr. Hyndman's opinion; on another as one of the contributors to *Justice*; on a third as connected with Sidney Webb in the Fabian Society; and then sums him up and dismisses him as "a follower of Oscar Wilde," with less wit and a shallower view of life. Max could hardly caricature Mr. Hyndman more savagely than Mr. Hyndman depicts himself in such a grotesque misjudgment.

But it is the Fabian Society, even more than Bernard Shaw, which excites Mr. Hyndman's animosity. He writes mere journalism, but he is usually clear. When he mentions the Fabian Society, however, his speech becomes almost dithyrambic. In one place he talks about "their policy of permeation to that point of permanent effacement which they have pursued ever since;" immediately afterwards he declares them responsible for that failure "to bring about a fusion of Socialists which shortened William Morris's life." It is true to say that Mr. Hyndman can be measured by his love for Jack Williams and his contempt for Bernard Shaw. He has no power of measuring men whatever, or rather he has the little mind of the doctrinaire, who measures people by their importance to himself and their subservience to his vanities.

Had he had in the early eighties any of the personal enthusiasm or idealism of Lassalle or even of Jaurès, the Social Democratic Federation in England might have included all the Fabians and a good many other able men whom Mr. Hyndman managed to affront and insult. If any union of Socialists is impossible in England to-day, the blame is chiefly due to Mr. Hyndman himself. A Napoleon is known by the ability of his marshals. Mr. Hyndman disgusted all the ablest men he met, and stands alone now with his arms

about Jack Williams' neck, and his eyes cast up in admiration to dull Liebknecht, his hero.

But if there is no revelation of a great and interesting personality in this book, there are nevertheless dozens of interesting pages in it. When political theories do not obscure his vision, Mr. Hyndman can see the difference between a giant and a pigmy. There is a page of frank admiration of Sir Richard Burton, and another page in condemnation of Stanley—both of which seem to us eminently true and well deserved.

There is one great advantage in coming into conflict with society and social ideals; you meet among the outcasts not only the ablest men of the time, but an astonishingly large proportion of able men, and you hear the new truths—the truths which will not be appreciated in society for a century or two. Mr. Hyndman has been compelled to profit by his position; he has a couple of pages about Marx which are extraordinarily interesting. He tells how Marx went to pawn some plate one Saturday night in London and how he was detained by the pawnbroker and arrested on suspicion and imprisoned as a thief till the Monday by "our much-belauded police." Marx, too, told of long conversations with Heine which have never yet been published, but which surely should be published.

Strangely enough, too, Mr. Hyndman once lit on a curious truth in a talk about Dreyfus. It was Liebknecht who gave him the cue; Liebknecht declared quite truthfully "that there is a secret but loyal understanding between all civilised Governments to the effect that if an innocent man is by accident arrested as a spy a notification is at once sent to that effect. I know positively, and as a matter of fact, that the German Government sent no such notification in Dreyfus' case. Why? Because they could not do so."

A very interesting book, we say again, in spite of its curious misjudgments of men, and its characteristic tone of invincible self-complacence.

A MAHARANI AS AUTHORESS

The Position of Women in India. By her Highness the MAHARANI OF BARODA and S. M. MITRA. (Longmans, Green and Co. 5s. net.)

IF Indian ladies of the highest rank take to writing books, who can say that women are still backward in India? It is not long since the Begum of Bhopal published a volume of autobiography written by herself in Hindustani and translated by her Educational Adviser. The Maharani of Baroda has improved upon this precedent by bringing out a book of a remarkable character for the amelioration of the condition of her Indian sisters. In her enterprise she has admittedly availed herself of the assistance of her countryman Mr. S. M. Mitra, who has already made a reputation for himself in the literary world by his books and other writings; and, though no other assistance is acknowledged, it may be presumed that some scholar well acquainted with English and classical literature has furnished the numerous apt and ornamental quotations at the heads of the chapters and in the body of the work. These quotations cannot have been known to the Maharani, and some of them can hardly have come within the range of Mr. Mitra's reading. On the other hand, no objection need be taken to the Maharani's obtaining such help which is available to any extent in certain quarters of London, and is often utilised by busy men. The old maxim *Qui facit per alium facit per se* applies here in full force. The Maharani has supplied the motive power, and has doubtless "paid the piper," but, like other people in many walks of life, she has obtained skilled

assistance to put her ideas into shape. We have heard that some thousands of copies of this book have been shipped to India, prepared in cheap binding, to be sold for a rupee each, which can hardly cover the cost price, even if the Maharani accepts the sale proceeds. She has therefore by her outlay proved the sincerity of her aspirations, and, as Indian purchasers prefer and patronise cheap editions, the circulation of this volume will be secured. Whether it will be fruitful of results is another matter. Time alone can show. No one book can regenerate all India. It will assuredly have some effect in a number of directions, and should stimulate action, which has hitherto been difficult to vitalise in the lethargic and contemplative East. It may also be presumed that the Maharani's husband, the Gaekwar, has approved of the issue of this volume, and will give its circulation every chance in his dominions. He is, it will be remembered, the Chief of the advanced State of Baroda, who was, from his village, adopted in 1875 and placed upon the *gadi* after the trial of his predecessor on serious charges, which led to his deposition and banishment. He received an excellent English education, has travelled extensively, and takes his place in the highest society. In education and other departments he has succeeded in making Baroda the leading State in India. Both he and the Maharani like to be surrounded in social life by persons of ability and culture. Whatever he may think or say of Constitutional Government, he is practically an autocrat, possessed of despotic power—more so than the Emperor of Germany or the Tsar of Russia, though in some respects he is amenable to the Paramount Power in India, a fact which is believed to gall him as it does other native Princes. He can truly say, *L'état c'est moi!* He cannot but be a supporter of the objects of this book. But we must turn to its contents.

The most remarkable thing about it is that, in spite of its title, the book hardly alludes to the present position of women in India. It refers incidentally to such institutions as the caste system, and seclusion of women behind the *purda* (curtain), without hinting at their abolition. "Notwithstanding the caste difficulty in India, advantage can be taken of the common kitchen system" is one of the Maharani's proposals. Writing of matrimonial negotiations being now conducted by women in Calcutta, in which they have, quite legitimately, ousted their male rivals, she points out that "if this proves anything, it shows that there is ample room for all sorts of women workers behind the *purda*." Mr. Mitra admits the discrepancy between the title and the contents. "The present volume," he writes, "gives an account, not of the present status of the female sex in India, but of some Western feminine institutions, the adaptation of which to suit Eastern requirements is likely to help Indian women to achieve a higher position in public life than they at present hold." The Maharani herself states that in her detailed discussion of the various professions open to women she omits practically all account of the stereotyped ways in which an Indian woman may get a living, while she considers other callings which the latter, by means of organisation, might divert partially or entirely to her own profit. In her travels in Europe and America she has noticed that the co-operation which exists between Western men and women in public affairs is practically unknown in India. In the hope that some of the organisations for human welfare which she has observed in the West might be adapted to the conditions of her native country, she, with this object, lays her experiences before her countrywomen, with a view to receive opinions and contributions from all parts of India. Her investigations into the employment of women in Western countries have been exhaustive. The information she has obtained has been systematically arranged in chapters under the headings (which may be quoted here, as the details are too numerous, though not all of equal importance) such as

"The Woman Movement," "Professions for Women," "Agriculture," "Home Professions," "Arts and Crafts," "Intellectual Callings," "Philanthropic Work," "Hotels, Teashops," "Domestic Science," "Women Inspectors," "Matrons and Superintendents," "Co-operation," "Money-lending," "Charitable Organisation," "Thrift," "Anti-Sweating," "Rescue Work," "Women's Interests," "Women in Japan." This is, indeed, a formidable catalogue; it includes a comprehensive survey of women's occupations in the West, in every branch of human energy and efficiency. As it stands it will be very useful to all advocates of women's rights and aspirations throughout the world, and may often be quoted. The Maharani is not content to discourse on the feminine occupations of nursing, domestic service, social life: she carries the war, so to speak, into the domain of the enemy—man. Having thus described at sufficient length what women are doing for themselves in the West, the Maharani leaves it to her Indian sisters to decide which of the employments and interests mentioned can be adapted, with suitable modifications, for trial in India. Through the publication of her book she hopes that additional contributions and opinions from all parts of India may be collected and carefully edited, with the object of deciding what practical form women's organisation should take there. We may cordially concur with her hope that "proceedings with circumspection, something tangible may be effected to raise women's position in Indian public life." Education must be the basis of any movement; co-operation, confidence, capital must be enlisted in the cause. The Maharani's aim is high—the elevation of Indian women—and she may experience disappointments; but she deserves all encouragement from well-wishers of India, and the gratitude of her country for having taken the initiative and shown, for example and imitation, what women have already done for themselves in other parts of the world.

INEXPERTÆ PENNÆ

Between Two Worlds. By A. E. LLOYD MAUNSELL. (Alexander Moring. 5s. net.)

If this book is an authentic document, it represents the fruit of the enforced leisure of a man crippled in the prime of his youth. In a series of short essays or studies the author gives his impressions of a beloved world in which he can share only through his sick-room window, though now and again he allows his spirit to take flight and adventure where his body is denied. Occasionally some arresting human interest affords a living thread for several successive sections, and while the tragic crippled circumstance runs as a kind of sub-*motif* through the whole, it is not allowed to taint the pages with morbidity. The critic has grown somewhat wary of professedly authentic "human documents," but there are certain points about the present example which go to attest its genuineness. There is the wistful yearning of the earth-lover imprisoned, and the unmistakably minor theme of an actual problem of suffering. But the book is most successful and most interesting as a record of moods. Any one who has shared the common heritage of pain may catch again in swift recall the ebb and flow from fevered fancy to the peace of rare respite. One feels that even the exaggeration of the sick mood is there, as in the concluding sections wherein the author meets the fancied approach of death.

But when we come to consider the book as a contribution to literature some of these very qualities become vices, while there are others peculiar to the author's style. To begin with, he has adventured the most difficult kind of prose—the sensuous poetic prose of the Idyll and the Fancy. Mr.

Le Gallienne has employed it successfully; so has Mr. Kenneth Grahame; and in an example more nearly approaching what this present book attempts Michael Fairless has adorned it in "The Roadmender." This style of writing is very attractive, but its demands are far stricter than is apt to appear. The fluent, dreamy prose must not hide vagueness of idea; metaphor and fancy, while proper to it, must be restrained and natural; and above all the writer must beware of the easy pitfalls of archaism and inverted structure. Unfortunately, all these canons are transgressed in this book. Its pages are often obscure and vague; sometimes overlaid with fancy to the point of incoherence; and the author's pictorial sense is apt to run away with his idea, so that the latter is vexed and dissipated by irrelevant detail. This is markedly so in the section entitled "Oblivion." The fancy is often extravagant, as in "The Waters under the Earth," and such passages as the following:—

Already the mists stir uneasily, as if choosing from among their sad people victims to propitiate their father the sun.

The soft cushions have seemed things of contempt, that would stifle me of their very placidity and smoothness—things that, Delilah-like, would engulf me, blotting life's sharper outlines from sight and touch, until my soul should be lost in a world unreal of their (?) weaving.

Moreover, the author is too self-conscious, obtruding himself into his fancies until one is driven to suspect a pose. In "Shadows and Depths" this is notably evident. He seems to be particularly vain of his wings, and pauses every few lines to call attention to their beauty, poise, or action. He is altogether too busy in the tragic scene which does not concern him at all, save as an *ex post facto* spectator. Grammatical affectations mar the style, particularly an irritatingly insistent use of adjectives adverbially—"the moonlight silvering intermittent the surrounding crags," and a kind of participial parenthesis—"and so, they swaying, the clouds cover them." Sentences are frequently clumsy, and the tense is repeatedly and abruptly changed between past and historic present. Yet there are one or two essays where the author sufficiently forgets himself and writes down a plain, simple idyll that gives the impression of the possibility of good work. The promise of the old Irishman's mystery is considerable, and the style and treatment good in "The Vigil," but it is wearied to death in the succeeding sections amid the ostentatious flapping of the author's wings, and "An Atonement" stands out by reason of its simple, unaffected diction. It remains to be said that the punctuation throughout is execrable, and the printer's reader has allowed a crop of misprints and misspellings to disfigure the book. The worst of these occurs in a passage which would defight Mr. Bernard Shaw:

... leaving me as one who swings a *censor* before an altar which as yet the darkness hides.

Even the author's name appears on the back of the dainty cover as "Mannsell."

INGENIOUS BOOKMAKING

Modern Paris: Some Sidelights on its Inner Life. By ROBERT HARBOROUGH SHERARD. Illustrated. (T. Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d. net.)

NOT a day passes but we are struck with a sort of reluctant admiration for the marvellous ingenuity of professional penmen. Undaunted at the sight of choked libraries and the ever-lengthening lists of "books received," an army of admirable writers seize, spider-wise, upon a small, ordinary fly, and spin round it a large, ordinary web. Sometimes the fly is so small and emaciated that the web completely hides it, and

sometimes there is no fly at all. Mostly it is a fly which has become a kind of stock insect, a kind of institution, which has been passed from spider to spider a hundred, even a thousand times. The one most in use is labelled Napoleon. The Shakespeare fly is, however, very popular. Nelson, Lady Hamilton, Beau Brummell, the Four Georges, the Brontës, Oxford and Cambridge are well in the running. Sometimes these webs are spun with threads of gold, and the spinner is a writer who illuminates a subject, howsoever hackneyed it may be. Generally they are composed of strings of mere words, all very well chosen, all neatly put together, which go to make a web which is altogether unnecessary and superfluous.

Mr. Robert Harborough Sherard may be said to be a captain in the army of bookmakers. He does not belong to the non-commissioned ranks in which stand those pen-men who are not creative enough to break away from stereotype subjects. He writes of contemporary persons and himself, and it is when writing of himself that Mr. Sherard is well worth reading. "My Friends the French" and "Twenty Years in Paris" have just been followed by "Modern Paris: Some Sidelights on its Inner Life." In this new volume, which has for a frontispiece a very pleasant pencil-sketch of "Sherar" by a Polish artist, and for illustrations letters from the great Lord Northcliffe, Alphonse Daudet, Jules Claretie, and Emil Zola, and a photograph of Oscar Wilde, Mr. Sherard dramatises very skilfully a vast number of small incidents of his observant life in France, details very vividly a hundred snatches of conversation with notable and indiscriminate people, and draws a whole gallery of impressionist sketches of untrodden places.

Mr. Sherard is not only a complete Boulevardier. He is at heart a Frenchman, who, unlike the confirmed haunter of *cafés*, knows and loves the quiet, industrious villages of Normandy, Brittany, Provence, and the Midi. He has made friendships not only with notable writers, painters, actors, and dramatists, but with old fruit-sellers, and *concierges* and peasants. He has good things to say about such widely different people as Madame Sarah Bernhardt and "Lord Joseph" Chamberlain, Boulanger and Mr. Bottomley, Wenzel von Brozik and Mr. Chesterton, Esterhazy and Sven Hedin, Maeterlinck and Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, Edmond Rostand and Oscar Wilde. In short, as an example of highly ingenious bookmaking, "Modern Paris" is the best example that has come to our notice for a considerable time. It has, too, a great advantage over books of a similar nature in that the personality and character of the author are put before the reader without egotistical outbursts of introspective examination. In style the book is journalistic rather than literary, and is therefore more than a little careless here and there. That is, perhaps, the effect that Mr. Sherard desired to achieve. At any rate, the chapters read as though they were the verbatim notes of a quick-speed shorthand-writer and had been dictated by a man drawing almost haphazard upon a retentive memory. It may fairly be said that the result made the effort worth while.

SHORTER REVIEWS

My Vagabondage: Being the Intimate Autobiography of a Nature's Nomad. By J. E. PATTERSON. (William Heinemann. 8s. 6d. net.)

THERE are some natures to which romance is as the breath of life. Mr. Patterson's is one of them. From his cradle until the present day the author's life has been that of a rolling stone, and the amount of moss which it appears

likely to gather until the time when it comes finally to rest is a negligible quantity. But rolling stones sometimes gather something better than moss, and we have before us an instance in the present work—full of much hard-won wisdom, offering many a glimpse into phases of humanity strange to the majority of us, and fraught with not a little pathos ever and anon. The author has throughout his life been gifted with an astonishing knack of dodging death and a no less remarkable aptitude for sitting down and composing a dozen stanzas upon the spot to celebrate the occasion. Among the many which appear in these pages we think those addressed “to certain Critics and Improvers of ‘the Mermaid’” are perhaps the most happily conceived.

Mr. Patterson's road through life, whether high or low, has been undeniably rough, and the incidents thereof he tells with uncommon freshness and force. Probably few children ever survived such a wayward and adventurous childhood, or, having survived, so thoroughly cheated the gloomy prognostications of infallible prophets. Nail-maker, miner, deep-sea fisherman, able-bodied seaman, reporter, journalist, poet—such are a few of the callings successively, and more or less successfully, pursued by this versatile genius. And what though his Pegasus cast a shoe now and again? The consequent lameness but serves to show that the steed is something more substantial than a fleeting vision. In this book we find presented to us the living apotheosis of the penny “dreadful.” Here is a real boy who sees real ghosts—nay, more, feels them—runs away to sea, has hair-raising experiences in a god-house, fights with pirates—in fact does all that the penny “dreadful” ascribes to the youthful genius of its pages.

But the toughest proposition that our hero struck was the publishers. For some unfathomable reason those ogres refused to play the fairy godmother to Mr. Patterson's literary productions. The loss of course was theirs. As for the critics—well, one is on dangerous ground, and must tread softly, like Agag, or suffer a fate similar to that of the unfortunate monarch. At length the unpublished author learnt the fell secret, and the sun of his literary fortune rose in dewy splendour, we trust not to set for many a long day. In case the eyes of any other struggling genius should light upon these pages, we feel in duty bound to give away Mr. Patterson's little secret; and it is this:

Advertise, advertise, advertise—
Whether Bibles, or whiskey, or pies,
Cathedrals or huts, or political lies.
Remember this well,
Whatever you sell,
New ways to heaven
Or old ways to hell,
Advertise, advertise, advertise,
Or you're sure to be left to the flies.

Five Centuries of London.—Cathedrals of England. (Constable and Co. 1s. net each.)

We have here a couple of attractive booklets formed of illustrations only, which to some slight extent tell their own story. There are forty-eight in each, and those contained in the first, which we consider by far the more interesting of the two, have been reproduced from a variety of sources, such as old manuscripts, paintings, etchings and other engravings, lithographs, &c. The cathedrals, to which are added views of the ruins of several famous abbeys, are all reproductions of photographs. The little volumes are neatly got up, the illustrations being well executed and the paper and print all that could be desired. We cannot help thinking, however, that a more representative set of pictures might have been

selected for the “Five Centuries of London.” The series starts with the well-known view of the Tower, circa 1418, when Charles, Duke of Orleans, was incarcerated there after being made prisoner at the Battle of Agincourt, and then jumps to the execution of the conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot in 1606 in St. Paul's Churchyard. Thus the fifteenth century is only slightly represented, and, shades of Bluff King Hal, Bloody Mary, and the Virgin Queen! “whose smile was rapture and whose frown was fate,” the sixteenth not at all, which is a distinct slight to a very stirring period in the history of London Town. A list of the illustrations, which are full of interest, might with advantage be added, especially as each volume contains a blank leaf available for the purpose.

Poucinet, Conte Finlandais. By E. DE LABOULAYE. Adapted and Edited by P. SHAW JEFFREY, M.A. (Siepmann's Primary French Series.)

Bataille de Dames, ou Un Duel en Amour. By E. SCRIBE and E. LEGOUVÉ. *Histoire de la Civilisation en Europe.* By F. GUIZOT. (Siepmann's French Series for Rapid Reading.) (Macmillan and Co. 1s. each.)

THE MESSRS. Macmillan have recently added these three volumes to their capital series of French educational works. The last to be issued is for the Intermediate and Advanced Section of the Series for Rapid Reading, and is an adaptation of the famous work of that distinguished statesman and historian M. Guizot. The same as preceding volumes, it contains a useful list of the more difficult words and phrases with translation, thus enabling the pupil to dispense with a dictionary, which should prove a great advantage. The Notes are both instructive and interesting, containing as they do short biographies of the principal persons mentioned and additional elucidatory information concerning many of the political events alluded to in the text. The volumes are well selected and ably edited, and should do much to foster the study of the French language in this country.

Das Verständnis der Oden Salomos. By WILHELM FRANKENBERG. (Alfred Töpelmann, Giessen. 5 marks.)

SOME weeks back an edition of the “Psalms of Solomon,” by Dr. Viteau, was noticed in THE ACADEMY. The present edition of the “Odes,” which have as little to do with Solomon as the Psalms, is of very different calibre. It consists merely of a Greek text, a commentary, and four pages of introduction, in which Herr Frankenberg dismisses questions of time and place as difficult, and in the main insignificant. Even the literary value of the work he considers as nugatory, the style being chiefly distinguished by pietistic mannerisms. He is disposed to place the composition at Alexandria, and to attribute it to a purely Christian source.

Fragmente einer griechischen Übersetzung des samaritanischen Pentateuchs. By PAUL GLAUE and ALFRED RAHLFS. Illustrated. (Weidmannsche Buchhandlung, Berlin. 1 mark 50pf.)

THIS is a fragment of a Greek translation of the Pentateuch, of Samaritan origin, as is proved principally by the reading “Garizim” for “Ebal” in Deuteronomy xxvii. 4. The Samaritan version exhibits at times important divergences from the Septuagint. A photographic reproduction of the

newly-discovered parchment containing this fragment is given, as well as a transcription in ordinary cursive script and annotations. The whole brochure forms an instalment of the Göttingen work on the Septuagint.

FICTION

LOVE, POESY, AND WAR

The Song of Renny. By MAURICE HEWLETT. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

WE rise from reading this latest epic of Mr. Hewlett's favourite Land of Dreams with the sensation of having been lost in a wonderful forest of beautiful names. For hours we have been strolling on and on, coming across scene after scene in clear glades illumined by the deep golden glow of a leaf-shaded sun: a tourney, with flashing robes and shouting hosts; a poet-lover and his lady, with sestinas and rhymes royal trembling on the air; a king feasting, a monk fasting, a nun praying. But the names—they are magical. The Earl of Pikpoyntz, the Lady Mabilla, Renny of Coldscaur, Joyeux Saber, Lanceilhot Paulet, Marvilion, Cantacut, Campflors, Minster-Merrow, Maintsonge, Barsaunter—with such people and such places surely an ordinary romancist could weave an extraordinary romance?

By these presents—it is not easy to avoid catching Mr. Hewlett's turn of speech—let all readers know that the times of "The Forest Lovers" have come to life again, with a "Brazenhead" in the midst of them; for the Earl of Pikpoyntz, hero and villain in one, is a most energetic person when there is any killing to be done. A blow of his fist is enough for some poor wretches; he is, in fine, a gentleman with whom it were well to agree quickly. We are introduced to him just as he has wiped out a whole family save one member, Donna Sabine de Renny of Coldscaur, a queenly little lady whom he saved for his own purposes, and who, when he really fell in love with an even more chill and queenly dame, proved to be rather an awkward possession. He married his love, who acceded for the sake of a crown, and became immediately a mawkish suitor for her favours, an abject slave; meanwhile, love was busy with the new Countess of Pikpoyntz and her pet poet Lanceilhot. Of the adventures of these two, and the wanderings of poor little Sabine and the lout whom she chose for mate, the story more particularly tells. To retell it in any detail would demand more columns than we have to spare. It is above all a tale of action, and, once fairly into it, no reader will easily set the book down.

Mr. Hewlett's ornate, and yet at times almost Biblical, style is especially suited to the undiscoverable country where his scenes are set, and its occasional extravagances do not offend us; some of the conversational sparring between various characters is charged with excellent wit and repartee. There are three apparent inconsistencies: Sabine seems to weaken considerably towards the hour of her trial; Pikpoyntz loses his grip of life and much of his essential grimness as soon as he sets eyes on Mabilla; and Mabilla herself, directly Lanceilhot's love wins her, changes from one of the strongest to one of the most sentimental creatures we have had the pleasure of meeting in the realm of good fiction. If we could have been "let down" in these matters a little more easily there would have been no reason to complain. However, not all readers will notice these slight flaws on a most entertaining story, and we can congratulate

the author on this return to the delightful quality of his "Forest Lovers."

Thanks to Sanderson. By W. PETT RIDGE. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

WHY is it that the doings of very ordinary people, placed faithfully on record, become so interesting? The presumption is, of course, that we are all very ordinary people ourselves, and that quite naturally our fellow beings and their little adventures of joy and sorrow obtain, by the projection of our own personalities on the screen of Mr. Pett Ridge's cinematograph, an importance enhanced. At any rate, there is enough of sympathy and comprehension in most readers to make Sanderson, the railway inspector, and his family and friends exceeding good company. They live before us in these pages, at first somewhat lowly in station, since the hero at the beginning is only a ticket-collector; later on, in all the dignity of "society," since there is a daughter at the Academy of Music and a son who is "something in the City." The whole book consists of that queer mixture of humour and pathos which distinguishes nearly all the author's work. Alfred, the son, is more than half a prig, and is inclined to resent the facts of humble birth; he reproves and advises his father, and gets "taken down" gently but firmly on several occasions. Winnie, the daughter, who attains the dignity of paragraphs in the suburban papers when she accompanies songs at local concerts, is also a rather unsatisfactory person; she rebels, being determined to make her own way in the world, and the ending is not wholly happy. There is a touch of sadness about the steady eclipsing of the father and mother by the son and daughter. Sanderson, with his waggish ways, his unfailing good temper, and his pretty little deceptions to save his wife trouble, is the best character in the book. Mr. Pett Ridge is doing good work in showing how real both suffering and happiness can be in the hearts of people whom we are perhaps too ready to pass by unrecognised; and not many writers can accomplish this with such absolute freedom from sententiousness and such abundance of humour.

The Progress of Mrs. Cripps-Middlemore. By GERARD BENDALL. (John Lane. 6s.)

IN the company of Mrs. Cripps-Middlemore we are taken out to lunch and dinner at the houses of various persons of her acquaintance, and we do not find the entertainments at all uninteresting. Her circle, for the most part, consists of literary, artistic, and musical people, and although the conversation does not at any time touch upon very deep questions, there is sufficient humour and cynicism in the handling of the various situations to make one desirous of pursuing the fortunes of the Cripps-Middlemores as far as they are related in the present book. Perhaps the most amusing incidents occur when each member imagines that he or she has musical or literary gifts, and the results of all their efforts find their way by varied channels to their mutual friend Mr. Emeris, who, at the request of the bearer of each effusion, places the manuscripts in a large tin box, hoping that soon they will be forgotten, which, indeed, they are in the more distracting game of flirtation. No one takes anything very seriously, and on occasions of any excitement the men of the party are in the habit of embracing the women who happen to be nearest to them, a peculiarity which, at any rate on one occasion, leads to rather unforeseen results. The death of Mr. Cripps-Middlemore leaves his widow free to progress a little higher in the social scale and

become the wife of Lord Childerditch, where we must leave her presiding in her charming and graceful manner over the household of this estimable nobleman.

A Blood Moon, and Other Stories. By IRENE OSGOOD.
(Everett and Co. 2s. net.)

"A BLOOD MOON" is a collection of short stories dealing with the wrongs of wives at the hands of their husbands, with their rather hysterical complaints and their occasional revenges. Some of "Irene Osgood's" pages are neatly written, but her descriptive passages are perverted by the use of sensuous imagery, particularly in the "Stories from Algiers." The book, however, is merely a long complaint in many keys, and lacks even common sense. The authoress' obsession with matters of sex obscures her outlook and robs her work of healthiness. The consequence is a feverish air, and an impression on the part of the reader that many of the stories were painful to write; which does not make them the more pleasant to read.

Essence of Honeymoon. By H. PERRY ROBINSON. Illustrated.
(William Heinemann. 6s.)

THE honeymoon from which this essence is taken lasted over a year, with the result that a great variety of amusing incidents are to be found among the component parts of the extract. These are mostly of the sort that usually befall young newly-married couples; but they are described with a *verve* which imparts to them such an entertaining freshness that the reader will not regret devoting some odd moments to their perusal. Autumn brides, and brides of all seasons for that matter, will, we feel sure, take a lively interest in Euphemia's first appearance as a British matron, and they might learn much from practical Mrs. Gorringe, especially with regard to birthdays "comin' edgeways-like."

THE THEATRE

A PROMISING PUPIL

THE microbe of the incompatibility of married temper seems to have entered into the brains of all the dramatists who have contributed to the theatre this season. Upon the heels of "The Ogre" there came "The Perplexed Husband," "The Man in the Stalls" (a little, somewhat unsavoury, wholly didactic thing produced at the Palace Theatre) and "The Honeymoon." Incontestably the last play is the best of them all. Mr. Arnold Bennett has brought to bear upon his work a spontaneity, a sense of humour, and a sense also of the theatre which the other plays, although written by old hands, do not, oddly enough, possess. It is equally incontestable that Mr. Bennett, whether consciously or unconsciously, has sat at the feet of Mr. George Bernard Shaw. To say that we wish that Mr. Bennett had given to his master the plot of "The Honeymoon" is not to say that Mr. Bennett has not made an eminently entertaining play. Only at one other theatre in London at this moment can there be found a play which provides so good an evening's entertainment. This is "Man and Superman" at the Criterion, to which, after all said and done, "The Honeymoon" cannot, good as it is, hold a candle. The latter is, however, witty enough, interesting enough, and occasionally surprising enough to be enjoyed thoroughly as it stands. It is only when we stop to think how much more ingeniously Mr.

Shaw would have treated a thesis so obviously Shavian that we miss his inimitable touch.

The very atmosphere of the first Act aroused interest. The best parlour of the one hotel on the sea front of a one-eyed place called Pixton appals and amuses. We knew that it would contain a prying and talkative Swiss waiter, with dirty cuffs. It did. We were perfectly certain that some of the chairs were covered with antimacassars to hide broken backs and the marks of recent glue. They were. The place was recognisable. It lived. We smelt the sea. We were almost reconciled to the oleographs, because the windows opened wide and let in the sun. But what did antimacassars and oleographs and a sad Kidderminster carpet matter to Cedric Haslam and the little attractive woman, who wore her clothes like a Parisienne and cooed like a dove? They were on their honeymoon, and the silver light of the moon that only shines once (sometimes twice, but then only in a silver-plated way) glamourised everything. She was the widow of a stockbroker, had met the Haslams, the celebrated Haslams—the mother was a novelist with a genuinely large sale, and the eldest son the best-advertised and most successful aviator—at a boarding-house at Matlock, or some such place. Flora Lloyd had never met celebrities before. How could she with a husband on the Stock Exchange? No doubt she found the round-faced Charlie Haslam, with his smart socks and tweezy little bow-tie and adoring, precocious eyes, none the less amusing because his mother and brother were household words. Then the great Cedric made a volplane, landed at her feet, and metaphorically grovelled. His income was nineteen thousand a year. His face and figure were too curiously like those of the tenor of a seaside glee-party or pierrot troupe, but they were to be found in packets of cheap cigarettes. He was, indeed, a famous man. He flew at her. He had all the habits of the aviator. He carried her away, and she found herself not only a willing passenger, but a woman passionately in love. *Chacune à son goût.* Here they were, these two, married that morning by a nice-looking curate, and here, at Pixton-on-Sea, they intended to hide themselves for one whole month. No Bond Street should call her, no aeroplane him. Again and again, and yet again, they made this promise; and again and again, and yet again, they stamped the contract with a kiss. The Stock Exchange and the Aerodrome had come together.

Here, if you like, was an ideal union. But the Swiss waiter, the unconscious instrument of a strangely sympathetic Nemesis, broke in upon the naturally somewhat Hampstead-Heathian couple, congratulated them upon being what they hated to appear to be—newly married—and presently drew the aviator's attention to an announcement in a halfpenny evening paper to the effect that a German rival was coming to England to win the £10,000 prize for flying over Snowdon, and departed with his tray. When the wife came back to kiss again with chuckles she did not find a man, she found an aviator. She found the professional flying-man, with the whirr of his engines in his ears and his greedy hands held out towards the gleaming sum which the German had come to snatch from his grasp. What of the honeymoon now? What of the promise, so much sealed, of a whole long blissful month on the *terra firma* of Pixton-on-Sea? The woman wheedled and argued and stormed, and naturally wept. The man talked about his career, of England's prestige. "Hang career and England. Do you think more of your aeroplane than of me?"

The situation was tremendous, the problem vital. What would Mr. Shaw not have done with them both? Up to this point Mr. Bennett had been more, far more, than a promising pupil. He had rivalled the master. But here, apparently frightened at finding himself face to face with truth, he tottered and fell into farce. It was admirable farce,

but it was incontestably farce. He brought in the Haslam family. He lifted them out of their elegant detached mansion in, presumably, St. John's Wood, and plumped them down in Pixton-on-Sea. They were characteristically agitated, for they had discovered that the curate who had performed the marriage ceremony that morning was a practical joker, a student of new sensations, a bogus clergyman. Flora Lloyd and Cedric Haslam were not married. Sensation. The honeymoon contract was then, for all its kisses, nullified. What were they to do? The great novelist flung up her hands. The tweezy Charlie smoothed his kinky hair. The meek little husband-secretary-amanuensis put forward a timid plea for "masterly inactivity," and the curtain fell to a scream of laughter.

The same evening we meet all these people at the Reach, Haslam's elegant literary mansion. One other person is there—the Bishop of Chelmsford. In the drawing of this character Mr. Bennett descends still further into the realms of farce. He might have been the creature of the brain of a comic-minded Nonconformist. He was there, to the immense delight of Mrs. Haslam, to arrange for the wedding to take place in the morning. He would himself perform the ceremony in order that he might make thorough and complete reparation for the carelessness of the Vicar who was taken in by the experimentalist. Many exceedingly amusing scenes are included in this Act. Flora Lloyd, *née* Haslam, throws a bomb. Thank you very much, but she is not going to be married in the morning. Married or unmarried, Cedric considered his aeroplane before herself. She looks upon the bogus clergyman as a benefactor. Imagine the feelings of the pompous Mrs. Haslam. To her Flora's point of view is almost blasphemous. To marry into the Haslam family is an honour indescribably great. Cedric is photographed weekly, and can always be certain of more space in the halfpenny papers than is devoted to mere political and social crises or a comic-opera war in the Near East. A new novel by Mrs. Reach Haslam is a "great literary event," and it is reviewed on the day of publication by such eminent people as Mr. Douglas, Mr. Begbie, and the rest. The aviator is hysterical. It is the way of aviators. He stands about while the women have a most polite and most deadly quarrel, making a series of gargoylic faces, and giving exquisite imitations of an exhaust-pipe. The neat little old husband-father-secretary-press-cutting-collector is the only person in that perturbed house who is perfectly unruffled. Finally, Flora flounces out to pack, having completely floored Mrs. Haslam and her usually mid-air son. The curtain falls upon the great novelist dictating her impressions of Flora while they are still bubbling in her mind. Again there are shouts of laughter. This Act is almost as entertaining as the first, especially when there is added to it an incident wholly extraneous and wholly out of tune—an incident which lifts farce into high comedy. Mr. Trampington, the bogus curate, who has failed to get himself arrested at Vine Street, drops in quite quietly to apologise in his best Oxford manners for the inconvenience that he has unwittingly caused.

The third Act falls away. It lacks ingenuity, and simply marks time until the curtain falls on the honeymoon couple creeping away in the early hours of the morning to get married. It certainly contains many delightful lines and at least one exquisite touch of psychology, but it has very little movement. We see too little of the fascinating, shrewd, well-trained Flora, and far too much of Charlie and Cedric. For all that Mr. Bennett's play deserves to be seen. It is fresh, and alive, and gorgeously foolish. It is witty, and it has a touch or two of audacity which is quite French. It is also brilliantly played by Miss Marie Tempest, who has not been so well suited since she appeared as Becky Sharp. Only on the Continental stage are there actresses who can

compare with her finish, her neatness, her rapidity, and her charm. She gets every ounce out of the part with a lack of effort which is hugely refreshing. Hers is the work of a very true artist. Mr. Dion Boucicault provided a delicious little sketch of an apparently overwhelmed husband. Every movement and intonation was right. Miss Kate Leycanton played with a pompous solemnity which was altogether invaluable to the piece, and by never showing that she understood and appreciated the cruel humour of her portrait proved herself to be possessed of the keenest sense of it. Mr. Dennis Eadie as the experimental curate proved again that as a character-actor he has few equals. Mr. Basil Hallam was not very good, and Mr. Graham Browne was all wrong. He got hopelessly on our nerves. "The Honeymoon" should, however, make the little theatre in Dean-street the centre of attraction.

THE LITTLE THEATRE

It was a happy idea of Miss Lillah McCarthy's to take up two of the plays that marked the last repertory venture in London at the Duke of York's Theatre in the spring of last year—"The Sentimentalists" by Meredith, and "The Twelve-Pound Look" by Barrie—and to join them to Granville Barker's "Rococo" for the purpose of a continuous series of *matinées* on Tuesdays and Fridays. A cluster of three such as this very nearly covers the gamut of comedy. It would only need the humour of Falstaff to complete the circle. Nevertheless, it can form very little occasion for surprise if "The Sentimentalists" is considered as the chief attraction of the programme.

At the Duke of York's last year the play only met some half-dozen performances, and so it might now be considered as a matter for new attention. It is but a short affair, however, and only a fragment at that. Astraea, wife for two months and widow for two years, has still the promptings of life in her, chiefly caused, be it noted, by one named Arden. But she conceives it her duty always to remain in that dedicated state on the principle of "once married ever married." She is helped to persist in this by the company with which she is cast, among whom there are only two who manage to retain the healthiness of life—Arden, as aforesaid, and her uncle Homeware. There is another vivacious exception, who can yet hardly be said to belong to the Astraea circle. This is Lyra, quick of wit and penetrating of speech. She has fled from her husband, whose fault is, not that he is something too little of a husband, but rather that he is something too much of a husband. Declares she: "Let no woman marry a husband twenty years older than herself. She marries a limpet!" "I like him, I like him," she cries, "but I want to breathe!" Meanwhile, round and about them floats the company of the sentimentalists, chief among them being Spiral, a professorial person who discourses to them on Life and Beauty.

It is this web that Arden, with his passion of love, has to break through, with Homeware, Astraea's uncle, to aid him as best he may. With excellent judgment Meredith has written the second Act in poetry. Plot there is none. The first Act is chiefly a conversation between Lyra and Astraea, with a background of sentimentalists; it takes place in the morning. The second is wholly a conversation between Arden and Astraea, and takes place at night. The first was in prose, Meredith's prose—that is to say, prose that flashes with some of the rarity of poetry. The second is in poetry—chiefly the poetry in which Arden endeavours to blow away with the rushing ardour of his passion—

Filaments,

The slenderest ever woven about a brain

From the brain's mists.

He does in the end succeed in doing so, and then they are

discovered by Homeware, who informs them that they have all the time been watched by the sentimentalists from the house. Astraea, pushed to reality, falls back into sentimentality, and is horrified at discovery. She goes off to front the company, while Homeware consoles Arden with stoic philosophy. The play concludes with Arden gazing raptly at the house, and the hint is given us that Astraea will rise to the occasion, her love breaking through "the slender filaments."

Never have we in the theatre listened so intently and continuously. It was not that the demand was merely made on us: it was rather that we were excited to it. Yet we can very well understand why Meredith did not finish the play. For one thing the difficulty of any continuation of the subject was imperious; for another, even as it stands it is overweighted with words. A comparison of it with Molière will soon show the essential difference between a dramatic subject and a non-dramatic subject. It is a hard thing to say this, for the dialogue is often like the first draught of a fine dry champagne. But it is necessary to say it, for only by clearly recognising facts can any progress be made in matters dramatical. "The Sentimentalists" is admirable entertainment, but it is a fragment, and its fragmentary state is Meredith's own admission that it is not of the stuff of drama.

Beside it "Rococo" rang not a little coarsely. It is excellent farce; but, though it be laughterful, the laughter is rather too explosive after the earlier delicacy. Mr. Barrie's "Twelve-Pound Look" ran a full course at the Duke of York's, and therefore is not quite the stranger that otherwise it might have been. It would perhaps have been better had the first item in the programme been taken last, the other two standing in their present order; nevertheless quarrel cannot easily be found with the fare provided at these *matinées*—at least not on the grounds of a lack of plenty.

"PIETRO OF SIENA"

THE Drama Society, of which Mr. Robert Ross is the patron, gave at the Studio Theatre, 92, Victoria Street, on Tuesday afternoon, October 10th, its first item in the season's programme. This was the first performance of "Pietro of Siena," by Mr. Stephen Phillips. An appreciative audience entirely filled the theatre, while the absence of scenic effects permitted the drama and its exponents to rely upon their art for those constant ripples of applause which increased in volume till the final fall of the curtain. The Society is to be congratulated upon the success of its opening production, and the smoothness with which scene followed scene in space somewhat cramped, under difficulties which must have cost some pains and enthusiasm to surmount. We understand the same drama will shortly be produced at the Coronet Theatre, where London playgoers may more generally extend their acquaintance with the work of the author of "Paolo and Francesca."

In "Pietro of Siena" lines of supreme poetic beauty fall to Gemma Gonzaga, in which Miss Winifride Borrow moved to excel both in passion and restraint. Gemma's brother Luigi (Mr. Charles King) has a difficult part which brightens towards the end, when a trace of manliness enters his character. A somewhat long and mellifluous speech in prison faintly suggests the anachronism of a morning postal delivery in old Siena, and could with advantage be curtailed.

Mr. Rothwell Wilson, as the principal character, Pietro Tornielli, rendered with dramatic force and clearness the varying moods between vacillation and devotion to love and high surprise. A subtle character of villainous aspect is that of Montano, whose delineation by Mr. W. Townley

Searle is a strong outstanding feature of a play where none of the parts is weak.

"The Wild Duck," by Ibsen, is announced by the Drama Society as their next production on November 14th. Wilde's "Florentine Tragedy" and another play follow later in the season.

THE FUTURE OF THE LIBRARY

ANY one who dips into the newspapers connected with book-selling cannot fail to get an impression that there is something peculiarly distressful about the business. In the midst of courageous talk about "revival in trade" and "better times in store" there is an uneasy feeling that there is a radical weakness somewhere. The discussions about "net prices," the "even price," and other internal trade questions are marked with a note of anxiety which is significant even to the lay observer.

Every trade has its troubles; and the book trade, being exceptional in its character and its complexity, is therefore apt to have more troubles than the average. The adjustment of relations between authors, publishers, wholesale houses, retail buyers, libraries, and the public is obviously a very delicate affair, and one upon which the outsider must hesitate to express an opinion. But there is one aspect of this adjustment which the looker-on may perceive more clearly than those who themselves are part of the machinery of the trade.

This aspect is concerned with new works of fiction and those books on travel and biography which, along with fiction, provide the main contents of library catalogues. It does not relate, except indirectly, to those sixpenny, sevenpenny, and shilling works of fiction and general literature which are now being turned out in such overwhelming numbers.

The central feature of the trade in six-shilling novels and high-priced books is that it is artificial. In every other class of business we have at one end of the chain a public which is ready and willing to buy, at prices which make production worth while to the manufacturer at the other end of the chain. In the book trade (within the range indicated) it is the exception, not the rule, for the public to purchase in adequate numbers.

From this condition the Circulating Library took its rise. The library is an organisation for co-operative buying. It is almost on a level with the Feather Clubs which exist, or used to exist, among the girls of the London coster class. The only difference in principle between the two is that the Feather Club is not organised to make a profit.

In actual results, however, the difference is not very real. The Circulating Library is certainly intended to earn a profit, but there is great doubt whether it does so in the general run of cases. Very few libraries exist as independent businesses. The smaller ones are associated with the sale of books (mainly cheap editions), magazines, stationery, and fancy goods. Among the larger libraries we have one associated with the sale of drugs, another with a newspaper, and another with an enormous news agency business. The library, in short, is a parasite, not a self-sustaining organism.

This fact is so familiar that its effect upon the circulation of books is apt to be overlooked. People have assumed that because the libraries are in business to distribute books on loan, their effect must be to stimulate the distribution of books. In effect, however, this is not the case. Libraries do not prosper by opening the way for every new book to reach every subscriber. They prosper by inducing the largest possible number of subscribers to be content with the smallest possible selection of books.

Thus, in attempting to overcome an artificial element in

the book trade, the libraries themselves have become an artificial organisation. They are artificial because their interests are opposed to the interests of their clients. Library subscribers expect to secure copies of every new novel and every new general work of importance within a reasonable period of waiting. But in practice they find it difficult to borrow both the books which are not popular and those which are popular. With regard to the former, such books are generally unknown to the librarian; every one is familiar with the peculiar smile with which the librarian remarks "never heard of it," in relation to a new novel by a new author who is being hailed by the reviewers as somebody worth reading. With regard to popular books, the libraries purchase just as few of these as will satisfy the clamour of their subscribers. They are forced to buy, and—as every publisher knows—they buy in reluctant dribbles.

So it comes about that the libraries, although practically the sole channel between the publisher and the public, are in the nature of a bottle-neck, which expands only under great pressure. Their selective action, moreover, is exercised against the works of new writers, and also those books which, although (or because) of high literary quality, do not happen to make the public insist upon having them.

The upshot of the system is that the average novel—that is to say, a story of ordinary attractiveness, written by a man who may be fairly well known—circulates to the extent of five hundred or a thousand copies in a country with millions of readers. The number is more often nearer the lower than the higher figure.

This condition of affairs is aggravated by the fact that the circulation lasts for only two or three months in the vast majority of cases—that is to say, novels are more like items in a series of publications than like permanent books. Their evanescent character forces the librarian to keep his stock as low as possible. He knows that if he can stave off the demands for a particular book which is not very prominent, it will be forgotten in a few weeks' time. The library subscribers who persist in getting the books they select from reviews must form a very small proportion of the total. Most readers take what is given them, and if they are dissatisfied they blame the author and the publisher, and talk about the decadence of modern fiction.

As time goes on the situation is likely to get worse. It is an open secret that libraries are not a good investment, even when they are run as a sideline to a profitable business. No one "inside" the trade would be surprised to hear of even some of the large library enterprises being discontinued.

It would be interesting to speculate upon the effect of a rapid reduction in the library business. The book-trade might be put upon a more natural basis. In any case there seems little doubt that libraries are in a retrograde condition, and will continue to be so unless they adopt a new policy. Two policies are open to them—first, to increase their revenue; second, to recognise the essentially serial character of fiction and general literature, and to adopt some means of disposing of their stock at earlier dates than are now possible.

As regards the first policy new subscribers would not serve the purpose, as they increase the demand upon the resources of the library and so aggravate the trouble. If the libraries could increase their subscriptions to a material extent the position would be greatly relieved. Even though the number of subscribers were to be reduced in consequence, the libraries would be much better off. Five hundred subscribers at two guineas would be a great deal more profitable than one thousand at one guinea, and it is possible that the five hundred would find the improved service well worth the increased fee.

The suggestion that novels and kindred literary books

should be treated on a serial basis strikes deeper into the complexities of the trade. Although we have abandoned the three-volume novel, we have not given up the idea that every novel is a bid for immortality and should be treated as if it were going to live for ever. Yet 999 out of every thousand novels have no more claim to such treatment than the average short story. They are evanescent; but the whole machinery of the trade is inherited from the days when they were assumed to be permanent.

What is wanted, therefore, is some means of making the life of the average novel a merry and expansive one, as well as a short one. A step towards this would be the abolition of publishing seasons. After all, it would be about as sensible to publish all the magazines in the spring and autumn as it is to rush out the mass of novels and general books at these periods. Uncounted works of merit have been swamped in these floods. If, instead of issuing twelve novels in the spring and twelve in the autumn, a publisher were to produce them at regular fortnightly intervals, just as if they were numbers of a magazine or members of a series, the arrangement would not only be more welcome to the public, but more appropriate to the character of the publications.

A natural consequence of this treatment of novels from the serial point of view would be (as already indicated) some means of clearing library stock at frequent intervals. Publishers are anxious to maintain the full published price over as long a period as possible, but they must be well aware that, for the ordinary novel, three months will cover its active life. If the libraries are obliged to keep such books on their shelves for a longer period, orders for new books will be restricted in consequence.

The extraordinary development of cheap fiction might seem to indicate that in course of time the library may become superfluous. But all the novels published in cheap form (below two shillings) have been through the bottle-neck at a higher price, and have therefore proved their chances of popularity. The libraries will probably remain until we have publishers who will not issue any books except those which offer a fair speculation at an initial low price. This would have a beneficial effect upon output (as regards the number of new novels), and would also, it is argued, make it extremely difficult for a new author to find a publisher. Perhaps, however, the last state of the new author would not be much worse than the first. Under the present library system he may not have much difficulty in finding a publisher, but he has a great deal in finding a public.

A. G. W.

[We invite discussion upon this interesting subject.—ED. THE ACADEMY.]

AGADIR AND AFTER

[CONTRIBUTED]

GERMAN papers are not much read in Britain, though just now they would repay the reading. We learn from them that the expedition organised by the Herren Mannesmann to explore the hinterland has just returned to Agadir with excellent tidings: the Sus country between the two great ranges of the Atlas mountains is a rich country yielding not only milk and honey, but "great mineral deposits of lead, copper, and iron-ore," and something more than traces of a still more precious metal. The expedition has concluded treaties with the various Shaykhs, it is added, who were delighted to welcome the honest Germans and take them, so to speak, to their bosoms, and all goes merry as a marriage-bell. The German papers are not slow to hint that they

have no intention of leaving this rich and kindly country, whatever the French or English may do.

Now before exciting ourselves over this news let us put ourselves in the place of the Germans for a moment and see how the business looks to them. The first argument that suggests itself is an extraordinarily weighty argument: "Here we are," they say, "a nation of nearly seventy millions of people, increasing more rapidly than any nation in Western Europe, doomed to see hundreds of thousands of our children emigrate year after year to build up foreign empires under the American or the English flag. We want colonies for our own children, our place in the sun, and no nation and no combination of nations shall hinder us in our legitimate ambition." Behind this argument is the belief first set forth by Treitschke and other Pan-Teuton Professors that all the riches of England come from her colonies, and the further belief, by no means so ill-founded as the first, that the Germans are the best educated, the most intelligent, the most moral and virtuous race now to be found in the world. Their land-hunger, therefore, should be satisfied—shall be satisfied if mailed fists are any good—and therewith *punctum*; as the German Bursch or Yunker is accustomed to cry—as who should cry—"Enough chatter!"

One might object to all this that the Germans, in spite of their obvious superiority to all other peoples, have not done much with the colonies they already possess. They have land in East Africa—fertile river bottoms, rich uplands, and noble forest domains—enough to support fifty millions of Germans; and yet the colony makes no progress comparable to the progress we poor benighted Britons are making on our side of the imaginary line. Nay, one might even point out that the ablest and most energetic Germans leave German East Africa and come to settle in British East Africa as if in derision of all Pan-Teutonic and God-approved German ambitions. Such an attraction have liberty and do-as-you-please over martial ordinances and military regulations. But such empirical reasons only anger the honest Germans; East Africa is tropical, they assert, forgetting the temperate plateau of the hinterland; we want a colony like Agadir, they say—and at the back of their minds is the belief that Agadir will be a thorn in the side of England, and, in case of war, a German outpost which, well fortified, might give them a real advantage in the desperate struggle they all feel is sure to come. This belief of theirs is now beyond dispute; why else have they already built up a Fleet which, in proportion to their sea-borne commerce, is more than twice as strong as ours?

It behoves us, then, to take stock of the situation very coolly, and to consider in calm earnest what a German Agadir will mean to us in case of war with Germany, and how the German occupation of Agadir should best be met.

First of all, Agadir and the great Sus Valley behind it is eminently suited to colonisation by Europeans. All travellers and explorers assert, too, that the foot-hills of the Atlas are rich in minerals, and even if the Germans prove incapable here, as in East Africa, of utilising these natural advantages, Agadir itself is the natural port of a rich country, and can easily by means of a mole be turned into an excellent harbour.

The place lends itself still more easily to fortification. As a coaling-station, dockyard, and *place d'armes* for German war-vessels its value in case of war with Britain is clearly beyond computation. It commands many of our great trade-routes; it cuts our road to the Cape, and to India, and Australia; cuts, too, our road to the beef-supplies of the Argentine. Agadir is not wanted by the Germans as a colony; it is looked upon as the robber-baron of the Middle Ages looked upon Ehrenbreitstein or any other castle perched above a river or great trade-route whence he might exact toll from peaceful trading-folk.

It is just as certain as anything can be that we must not

allow the Germans to go on adding ship to ship and advantage to advantage till the moment comes when they may strike with fair prospect of success. For in this duel, as they see and say, we are the vulnerable power: *they have all to gain and little to lose by the struggle, we have all to lose and little to gain.* One defeat on the high seas, and we should be compelled to sue for peace and pay a ransom so extravagant that the German mouth waters at the bare idea. On the other hand, if we destroyed the German Fleet we could still do Germany no damage. It is the old combat over again, they assert, between Rome and Carthage: Rome can build a Fleet as well as Carthage, and once Carthage is beaten on the seas the end of her is in sight—"Carthage, therefore, must be destroyed."

What then should we do? We should simply insist that the Germans leave Agadir, and if they don't go we should send an English cruiser there to safeguard English interests and land Jack Tars if need be. This is the strong, simple, and honest policy, and no one could carry it out better than quiet, courteous, immovable Sir Edward Grey. We must not have the Germans in Agadir commanding our trade-routes to the Cape, to India, and to Australasia. That must not be, or some Conservative orator must begin rousing England with philippics.

MUSIC

WITH the retirement of Mme. Albani from the career during which she has delighted more than a generation of the music-loving in Great Britain and other countries, but more especially in Great Britain, where she made her home, another of the remaining links is broken which bind the present age of song to the past. Mme. Albani has had as honourable a career as any in the line of the great singers, and she has enjoyed, and deserved, a measure of personal affection and respect which can seldom have been exceeded from that class of Englishmen whose fealty is, perhaps, the best worth winning. Queen Victoria was the head of her people, but she was especially the representative of this great class, and by her well-known admiration for Mme. Albani's gifts, not less than by the pleasure which she unmistakably took in her society, she represented its musical tastes with perfect justice. There is a section of society which prefers brilliancy in the temper and talents of an artist to those more solid and enduring qualities which form the base of such a reputation as that of Mme. Albani. It likes its *prime-donne* to be petulant; the heroines of wondrous tales of dazzled monarchs flinging rubies into their ravishing laps; the angels of audacious love-stories; the cruel queens of passion and despair. Great personal beauty has always made great singers absolutely irresistible, and the magnificence with which some have marched through life has helped to place them on the topmost pinnacle of fame.

But the multitude in which the "great heart" of the people is said to reside, the multitude more easily surrenders to a combination of admirable qualities than to the fascination of genius allied to irregularity of conduct. Musical dictionaries and biographies may be searched by those who are desirous to inquire the names of the bewitching sirens to whom allusion is here made. We shall give no hint as to their identity. But we have no hesitation in affirming that in the opposite ranks—the ranks of singers who were acclaimed as Queens of Song, *hors concours*, because to their distinguished gifts as vocalists they added dignity, propriety, and the lofty aim of the true artist—the name of Albani may be added to those of Jenny Lind, Clara Novello, and Thérèse Tietjens. If kings ever caressed these ladies, it

was under the watchful eye of Virtue, and with their consorts in presence. A Bishop laid his mitre at the feet of Mlle. Lind, and all applauded the action save a few wretched tea-table gossips in the episcopal city. A lady, known in history as sister to one who bore one of the greatest names in English literature, used to show to her friends a locket which never left her neck; it contained two portraits—on this side the Madonna, on that Thérèse Tietjens—"Greatest among women," she was wont to cry, as she snapped the spring. Many of us have lately read in Mme. Novello's lively pages about the great and legitimate honours won by her gifts and her character, and it is within the knowledge of the youngest of us that Mme. Albani has lifted many a scone to her lips from the tartan tea-cloth at Balmoral, while the doors of every palace and deanery from Barchester to Christminster have surely opened wide to let her in.

The story we like best of those which recount the enslavement of intoxicated princes to the whims of the *prime-donne* of the past is that which tells how my Lord Chesterfield sent an express of four horses from Bretby to London to fetch a bottle of Bordeaux of the brand loved best by Mme. Catalani when that goddess made a *moue* at the nectar offered by her host. Such deeds of courtesy are not common in this ruder age. They belonged to the nineteenth century, especially to its earlier years, when goddesses were goddesses and gentlemen were gentlemen. Last year the polite young King of Portugal telegraphed to Scotland for grouse to be brought to Cinton by the hand of a special messenger, the better to entertain the Ambassador who came to announce the accession of King George, it being the month of August. But even this delicate action cannot rival the coach and four from Bretby, and more attention, we fear, is like to be paid nowadays to an Ambassador or some great man than to a hard-working *prima-donna*. We might, indeed, imagine Mr. Carnegie sending to Edinburgh for some rare snuff, to come by post, for a librarian, but would he send an express to Montreuil for a peach for Mme. Melba? Young Trotter of the Fencibles may still occasionally ruin himself over some fair dancer from the musical comedy stage, though that is commoner among his kind in France or Italy; but the age when the supreme mistresses of song could mould the nobility of England as a potter moulds his clay, that brilliant day is done, and the age of common sense as regards the *prima-donna* is arrived. We criticise the *prima-donna* now instead of asking to be allowed to kiss her slipper. We admit that she dresses well, but there is something to be desired about her middle register; her high notes are exquisitely fluty, but the shawl she wore in the "Traviata" was impossible; her passion as Isolde was thrilling, but what a bad arm she has, and why is she always waving it about? This one is as feline as she is serpentine in "Salome," but she does not understand the proper curvature of Strauss's music in the least; that one warbles Juliet delightfully; but then she does not act, and as regards age were more fit to play the Nurse!

It was not so in younger days, even at so late a date as that summer when dear little Emma Albani first drew all the town to hear her fresh carolling in "Somnambula" at Covent Garden. These *hours* of the opera were all Fotheringays to the musical Perdennises. A few grumblers, like old Edward Fitzgerald, there must always have been, but the good sense of the majority looked at the pretty face and the slim figure, and the graceful ways, and listened to the enchanting nightingale or lark (Tietjens was like a thrush), without cavilling at this or that note, or the colour of the gown. In one way the change of attitude towards the efforts of the *prima-donna* is noteworthy, for, compared with the last century, the trees of music are but thinly peopled by the more glorious-voiced birds, and it might have been thought that the listeners below would have crowded in

ecstasy, with no mind for depreciating, when they get the chance of hearing the rarer warblers. Are we cleverer in music than our fathers, or only more conceited and censorious? When Mme. Albani first appeared (we remember it well, though our age was yet tender, as well as Charles Lamb remembered Mrs. Blend in "Artaxerxes"), what a choir of singers there was! such a choir as the later generation can form no conception of. Patti, Christine Nilsson, Tietjens, Pauline Lucca, Trebelli, Scalchi, Ilma di Murzka, Sherrington, darling little Zaré Thalberg, all in London at the same moment; and if you went abroad there were great Krauss in Paris, and Materna and Thérèse Matten and others in Germany. What would the youngsters not think of such singers now, could one of them return, or an equal successor arrive? Yet did Albani take her place at once among these divinities, in right of her beautiful voice and unaffected charm. Later she undertook oratorio and succeeded immediately to the seat shared by Tietjens and Sherrington. Now it was that she began to take that firm grip of the heart of that Great Middle Class to which we began by alluding. But as her photograph came to decorate the chimney-piece of every parsonage drawing-room in England, so it began to disappear from the piano-tail of the Covent Garden stallholder. It is only the middle-aged who remember Mme. Albani as the operatic star, the Isolde and Eva to Jean de Reszke's Tristan and Walther, the Desdemona to Tamagno's Othello. Ah! those were days when the joys of the preceding decade were sustained by those unforgettable evenings, and, though it is not necessary to claim for Mme. Albani a place so high as that occupied by Jenny Lind, there were not a few good judges who regretted her change from the stage to the platform even as, thirty years previously, sighs had gone up when the Swedish lady set the example which the Canadian followed.

The future of both opera and oratorio in Great Britain is uncertain. Opera seems more likely to survive, but if it does, we may predict without much fear that its *prime-donne* will never again enjoy those special seats of the mighty, encrusted with jewels, and with a faldstool in front, which once were theirs. The party which prefers excellence of *ensemble* and regard for detail to the outstanding enchantment of one particular singer is growing in influence. The *chef d'orchestre* of to-day, and the musical manager, have no inclination to submit to the whims of a soprano. Mr. Forsyth and Mr. Percy Pitt would quickly show a *prima-donna* her place if she sought to impose her will upon them. We are sure that Mme. Albani never descended from the reasonable dignity of her position to set an intrigue on foot or add to the troubles of an impresario. She leaves behind her an unsullied reputation as a great singer and a good woman, one who thought of her art before herself, and ever studied that she might be the minister of music as a divine agency to the millions of honest hearts which it was her business and her delight to elevate and to charm.

THE MAGAZINES

WITH its present number the *Hibbert Journal* opens its tenth volume, and our congratulations are offered to our contemporary in very cordial terms. There have been few successes in journalism during the last ten years quite so remarkable as this of the *Hibbert Journal*. When one regards the nature of the articles it habitually offers, and the sometimes quite appalling technical aspect of them, the assumption would have been that such a journal was foredoomed to failure. Yet here it is, successful as few things have been, and with a success that increases steadily. While proffering our congratulations to Messrs. Williams and Norgate, the pub-

lishers, and to Mr. Jacks, the editor, we would include as a matter of special mention the contents of this present number. We are not at all desirous of seeming to be worshippers of mere names; but there are certain persons in literature who inevitably connote distinction of thought. And when a review contains, among others, such articles as "Creative Evolution and Philosophic Doubt," by Mr. Balfour; "Life and Consciousness," by Henri Bergson; "The Christian Mystery," by Loisy; "Greek and Christian Piety at the End of the Third Century," by Adolf Harnack; "The Apocalyptic Element in the Gospels," by Professor Sanday; "Is There One Science of Nature?" by Professor J. Arthur Thomson; and "Revelation and Bible," by Principal Forsyth—the mere mention of names and subjects is complete and conclusive.

Naturally the article that ranks chiefly is that by Mr. Balfour. There are politicians who would contend that Mr. Balfour is a mistake in the political field. There are also those who arrive at this same conclusion, and, with philosophic majesty moving in their veins, feel contempt for the basenesses inalienable from politics. Therefore to read Mr. Balfour in analysis of M. Bergson is stimulating. Some passages in this present article define the Bergsonian system, and place some of the leading matters that it lies to the responsibility of its author yet to resolve, as succinctly and as simply as any short study that we remember having read. M. Bergson's own contribution to the number is his lecture delivered at the University of Birmingham in May of this year. The other articles are, in their way, not less interesting, particularly that by Professor Thomson.

In the pages of the *Quest* there is almost the same surety of good things, though of an even yet rarer order, as in the *Hibbert Journal*. Mr. Conybeare has a detailed examination of the great Manichæan heresy in an article which he entitles "The Religion of Mani." Mr. H. A. Dallas, in his article "The Trend of Psychical Research," passes in review a number of instances of psychic agency of profound interest. It is one of the most extraordinary evidences of the restricting influences of modern—or rather, a nineteenth-century, and rapidly passing—science that well-established instances such as these should be refused a hearing. One may well consider many of such "supernatural solicitings" as an illicit intercourse; but that is quite another matter to scoffing at them. One of the most interesting articles from the literary point of view is that by Mr. Wicksteed on "The So-called 'Madness' of William Blake," which takes as its text some of the remarks by Mr. Chesterton in his recent book on Blake. And, speaking of Mr. Chesterton, there is an article by him in the little monthly, *The Open Road*, on "The Dulness of New Religions," which is worth reading, though we have read better things from the same pen.

In the *Fortnightly Review* we have the usual scissors-and-paste contributions by Messrs. Francis Gribble and Walter Siebel. Their ingenuity in finding subjects is certainly rather remarkable. Yet these are only the framework into which a good deal of much more interesting matter is fitted. Foremost among these is an article—the first, apparently, of a series on the same subject—on "Death," by Maurice Maeterlinck, who, by the way, we understand, is this year to receive the Nobel prize for literature. Beginning with a quotation from Marie Lerner, he proceeds to examine the nature of Death, and in the course of his study he, somewhat artificially, we think, yet perhaps for salutary reasons, disengages death from its frequent concomitants of suffering and terror. It is excellent to see him insisting, as all minds have found cause to insist, on the impossibility of personal annihilation. The late Universal Races Congress has stirred Lord Avebury into an article on "International Problems," which very largely resolves itself into an examination

of the publication of the "Papers on Inter-racial Problems communicated to the First Universal Races Congress, held at the University of London, in July, 1911, edited by Dr. G. Spiller;" in his examination he maintains a very detached attitude. Probably, however, the chief interest will centre in Vernon Lee's article, "M. Sorel and the 'Syndicalist Myth.'" It deserves careful and intelligent perusal. Syndicalism is now actively invading England, and so is becoming a factor in social economy that cannot be neglected. But in England it is taking its own and independent forms. Indeed, it is clear from Vernon Lee's article that M. Sorel would somewhat emphatically deny that it was Syndicalism at all, although it is obvious that it dates from that source of thinking. Even as Socialism in England took the form of Fabianism, so the English Trade Unionist is endeavouring to translate—or rather subconsciously and without endeavour is translating—Syndicalism pragmatically. And it is not till one has read M. Sorel himself, or, failing that, this interpretation of him and his philosophy, that it is possible to realise how separate and distinct a thing it is.

In the *Nineteenth Century* the article that we naturally turned first to was by Miss Emily Hickley, boldly entitled "Glorious Robert Browning." It is a simple article, with neither distinction of style nor matter; yet its subject and the writer's enthusiasm lift it in a degree of interest that does not actually lie in its own capability. She declares: "It is not a very uncommon thing to hear cultured men and women say, 'Browning is the only poet I care for';" and how true this is may be proved by any one who cares to make inquiry. But the fact conveys a very salutary check to those who, in the face of all example, continue to demand of poetry that it be simply pellucid and obvious. "When Florence was the Capital," by Lady Paget, makes interesting reading; but a profoundly engaging article, perhaps the best in the magazine, is by Captain Mark Kerr, entitled "How Nelson's Memorandum was Carried Out at Trafalgar." It is illustrated with plans. On the same lines Dr. Fitchett has an article in the *Cornhill*, entitled "Waterloo as Napoleon Saw It," which picks out some of the salient features very deftly. In the same magazine Mr. A. J. C. Benson writes of Matthew Arnold in an article that adds nothing to our knowledge.

In *Blackwood's*, Miss G. L. Bell, of "Amurath to Amurath" fame, sheds a necessary and authoritative light on the present condition of Asiatic Turkey, under the heading, "Asiatic Turkey under the Constitution," and Moira O'Neill writes of "The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson." It is not often that one may discover a literary article in *Mind* though in a sense it is true that most of the articles are that. But "Aristophanes and Socrates," by Mr. Petrie, is decidedly of that colour, and deeply interesting withal. So also is Mr. Mackenzie on the relations of "Mind and Body."

SOME INDIAN REVIEWS

"THE MOSLEM WORLD"

THE *Moslem World*, the quarterly review issued by the Christian Literary Society for India, represents the highest modern thought of Missions to Mohammedanism, and the October number is, as usual, replete with articles which even the Bishop of London, who has lately enunciated his opinions on Islam, might study to increase his knowledge. Professor Buhl, of Copenhagen, writes on "The Character of Mohammed as a Prophet," a subject that has attracted many inquirers, and will occupy many more. It is a historic problem, as the editor says, concerning which there have

been many conjectures and opinions. The system of Islam is based, he writes, not only upon the Koran, which, to Moslems, consists of the verbal revelation of God's will, but upon Tradition, which is the revelation of God's will for man by the example of the perfect prophet. Tradition interprets the Koran, and not the Koran Tradition; but religious and political factions are not above inventing traditions for party purposes. The apotheosis of Mohammed, based on later tradition, and giving him an almost divine character, compels all Moslems to defend every episode in his life, or to eliminate and ignore those of which they are ashamed. In the Koran and the earliest sources Mohammed is thoroughly human and liable to error. In a paper entitled "Islam not a Stepping-stone Towards Christianity," the antagonism between the two faiths is clearly demonstrated. "Islam has much to offer to the pagan, whose superstitions and heathenism have made him a slave to darkness, and a ready captive to lust." The difficulty experienced in India in converting Mohammedans to Islam is proverbial. "The Doctrine of the Unity in Trinity" is another paper, offered as a reply to Mohammedan objections, and an essay in Philosophic Apology. "A General Survey of the Moslem World," which formed the opening address of the Lucknow Conference, and is here reproduced, is an article of wide range, and valuable in several respects—statistical, political, social, and intellectual movements. The estimates of the total number of Mohammedans in the world vary between 175 and 260 millions, of whom ninety-five millions are under British rule (including sixty-three millions in India), whereas less than thirty-eight millions live under Moslem rule. In singling out the factors of the problem of Islam for each country the editor claims for India the opportunity to reach Islam. The reviews, notes on present-day movements, literature, and current topics are up to date, and most useful. This number completes the first annual volume, which all missionaries and many others will be glad to possess as containing a mine of information.

"THE HINDUSTAN REVIEW"

In the *Hindustan Review* for September, the article on "Energism in the Orient," by Professor Paul Reinsch, bears fresh testimony to the awakening of new national forces, and a great stirring of social life, not only in India, where Hinduism is becoming aggressive, but also in peaceful China, the land of non-assertion, which is fast becoming military; while the ideal of national energy, efficiency, and strength expresses itself in all public utterances. The literary evangel of the new national faith is found in the writings of Wang Yang Ming, the Chinese soldier-philosopher. A rejoinder by an Indian civilian to a previous article by Mr. Gokhale appears to admit the correctness of the four requisites of improved relations on an enduring basis between Europeans and Indians which that gentleman advanced. There ought, therefore, to be no difficulty in arriving at practical results. The article "Wanted: a New Policy in Egypt," by "An Egyptian," might be commended to Lord Kitchener for perusal. He would doubtless know how to treat it, and the writer (at present anonymous). "As an Indian Sees America," by Saint Nihal Singh, is as incisive and amusing as his papers often are. His observations are curious and minute. At a theatre he took out his watch and noted the duration of a kiss in a particular scene. He timed it as lasting four minutes and thirty-five seconds. If he ever returns to America one would like to hear how he is received. How can he know that "The American tosses and turns in his bed—restless; or, if he sleeps, his rest is disturbed with horrible dreams"? This is rather poor stuff. A long article on the new "Encyclopædia Britannica" appears rather late in the day. We lately called attention to the delay in this journal in the notices of books. This has to some extent

been remedied. The "Topics of the Day" and "Criticisms, Discourses, and Comments" afford glimpses of the Indian mind—to those who have time to read them.

"THE COLLEGIAN"

We have received the first number of *The Collegian*, "an All-Indian Journal of University and Technical Education," published in Calcutta on October 1st, to be continued fortnightly. Its avowed purpose is to furnish systematically the educational news of India, especially of the Indian Universities and higher education in general. The Editor designates it "a higher Education Gazette of India." It is intended also to be an organ of the student and the teaching community of India, and to contain articles and contributions from eminent specialists on education; it is also to publish selections from educational, literary, and scientific periodicals. The journal is well arranged under different headings—the Universities, Government Educational News, Colleges, Technical Education, &c. It gives notices of many educational matters of Indian local interest, and will be a convenient record of occurrences in the educational world of India.

Out of India the journal will be useful as showing in a compact form what is happening in education in that country, besides the tendencies of educational progress, reform, thought, and influence. Several interesting matters may be gleaned from this number. The Vice-Chancellor of the Calcutta University stated in a speech that Indian Universities are anxious to act as centres of stability, moral, social, and political; that they view it as a supreme duty to strengthen the bond which connects India and Great Britain. The extension of the Presidency College to accommodate Physical and Biological Departments and provide spacious laboratories will remove an old reproach. As the Mohammedans are establishing a separate Moslem University, so the Hindus are making great efforts to organise a Hindu University, to be erected at Benares, not only to teach Hindu and Sanskrit subjects, but also to promote general education and "the building up of character in youth by making religion and ethics an integral part of education." It is not stated whether the Government have allowed the project. The most welcome information is the account of the opening of the Bengal Government Agricultural College, near one of the principal country towns in a healthy locality. Its object is the dissemination of agricultural knowledge throughout the country, in the hope that the students issuing from the College will take to agriculture. They are to be eligible for service only in the Agricultural Department: there is already an indication of a desire to utilise it for admission into the higher Government service. Some variety is afforded by a paper on monastic education in Ceylon; and plenty of food for thought is provided in a disquisition on "The Philosophy of Religion," a stiff subject! The first number shows considerable promise, and is acceptable for the reasons above given.

THE BREWERS' EXHIBITION

A VISIT to the Brewers' Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall is calculated to open the eyes of the outsider who imagines that the brewing of sparkling ale is a rather elementary matter. From the wonderful machine that can wash 3,400 bottles per hour (shown by Messrs. Wannbacher), at one end of the Hall, to the enormous 800 barrel brewing-copper of Messrs. Ramsden and Son, at the other, modern science and chemistry of the most advanced description are called into operation. The whole area is a maze of complicated machinery, a revel of steel and brass beings, we had almost called them, alive with motion and performing actions that

seem full of intelligence. Take, for instance, the amazing apparatus for putting labels on bottles, shown by the Purdy American Machinery Company. In a most uncanny fashion steel arms and fingers seize the label, lift the bottle, place the label in position, and stick it on with a final pat and caress—all in a second or two. Another machine at the same stand affixes capsules as quickly as the operator can feed it; with a couple of affectionate squeezes—an india-rubber embrace as it were—the capsule is forced tightly round the neck of the bottle, and directly the bottle is removed the machine stops dead. It is as though the instant the extraordinary thing caught a glimpse of its prey its jaws opened to devour.

Further along the Hall is the famous Pontifex chilling plant, with a capacity of 100 barrels a day: and when we remember that one barrel equals twenty-four dozen imperial pints the utility becomes obvious. The largest carbonating copper ever made is on exhibition—a formidable-looking affair for its kindly office, which is merely to suffuse the liquid with that sparkle and lightness so desirable and refreshing. Huge malt mills are displayed by the Seck Engineering Company, in action, and many quieter exhibits—such as the charming heather-adorned stand of the British Syphon Manufacturing Company—vary the attractions of the Hall.

And all this immense accumulation of ingenuity, this application of the latest discoveries in mechanics, in science, in chemistry, to cater for the thirst of the normal Briton! "He that can master his thirst is master of his health," says the French proverb; it certainly seems that with marvellously little trouble and expenditure, considering the thousands of pounds which these brewing plants represent, the most exigent craving of all might easily be mastered—even that "somewhere east of Suez" thirst of which Kipling sings. And if we are not yet experts in the art of concocting those weird drinks with unholy names which the modern Yankee is supposed to delight in—those throat-ticklers, bosom-caressers, and sudden deaths—we can at any rate make a good show on this side of the Atlantic with "refreshers" that are perhaps not quite as flamboyant, but are certainly more healthy and natural.

NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

OUR poets have been at work. This is good. We reviewed a volume by Lord Alfred Douglas last week. We have now to welcome a collection of the works of "The" Poet, as Mr. Alfred Trench is called by a select circle of admiring ladies. It is amazing, when we come to think of it, how congenial to writing of poetry is the atmosphere of a Government office. Mr. Trench was for many years one of the Examiners of the Board of Education, just as Mr. Austin Dobson is the bright particular star of the Board of Trade. At one time Mr. Dobson twinkled in the same murky firmament as did Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse. It is not generally known that the late W. S. Gilbert wrote many of his "Bab Ballads" on paper headed with the Board of Education stamp. He sat as a temporary clerk in a large, unmistakably airy room overlooking Whitehall with red tape, both metaphorical and actual, all about him. Men in such places as Government offices must be driven to poetry as a relief. They employ it as a safety-valve. "The Forest of Wild Thyme," by Mr. Alfred Noyes, published by Blackwood and Co., is particularly welcome. We look forward to the day, not far distant, when we shall have in our hands the amazing and versatile Mr. G. K. Chesterton's collected verses. If half a dozen of them are as fine and

ringing as his poem called "Lepanto," which appeared in last week's *Eye-Witness*, it will be a well-thumbed book.

In Blackwood and Co.'s particularly interesting list we are glad to find novels by Mr. Ian Hay, whose "Pip" was excellent, Mr. L. Cope Cornford, who has a dozen stirring stories to his credit, Mr. Arthur Brebner, who belongs to the Stevenson school, Mr. E. Douglas Hume, and Miss Edith Sinclair. Mr. Brebner's title, "Patches and Pomander," is charming, and suggests high-heel shoes and sedan-chairs and link-boys and all the other appurtenances of the days of our Stuart Kings.

Appropriately enough, Mr. John Murray publishes "The Navy League Annual" on Trafalgar Day, and a very valuable and unique volume it will be found. The editor Mr. Alan Burgoyne, M.P., has not only included a complete record of naval progress during the past year at home and abroad and much information of the very latest ship designs obtainable in no other text-book, but full descriptions and plans of the newest Dreadnoughts and battleship-cruisers, protected cruisers, scouts, destroyers, and submarines. There will be also articles by Mr. Maurice Prendergast on "The Evolution of Ship Types," Mr. Charles Bright on "Imperial and Strategic Telegraphy," Mr. Frank W. B. Hambling on "The Aeroplane in Naval Warfare," and Commander Caius Crutchley, R.N.R., on "The Menace of Armed Merchantmen." Mr. E. B. Eyres-Monsell, R.N., M.P., writes on "The Declaration of London," Monsieur T. B. Gautreau on "French Naval Development," and the Hon. Gerard Fiennes on "Sensitive Points in British Sea Power," while "The Future of Russia in the Mediterranean" is by Nicholas Portugaloff. Mr. Burgoyne is doing splendid work year after year by the compilation of this annual, and his own contributions on "Comparative Naval Strength" and "The Evolution of the Dreadnought Type" will be well worth studying.

"Partridges and Partridge Manors," by Captain Aymer Maxwell, who is, we believe, a son of Sir Herbert Maxwell (illustrations by Mr. George Rankin), is announced by A. and C. Black. To landowners and sportsmen there are few subjects more interesting than the economic value of partridge manors, the natural history and life of the partridge, the gradual evolution of modern methods of preservation, and the work of the gamekeeper throughout the year. Captain Maxwell goes fully into the tactics of driving and the ways of shooting the partridge. He further includes in his book a series of notes on preservation and management, written by many authorities from all parts of the country, which will form a very valuable summary of how shootings are managed under widely different conditions.

From A. and C. Black we recently received Mr. C. Lewis Hind's "The Consolations of a Critic," a sequel to his "Education of an Artist." "Claude Williamson Black" therefore reappears; no doubt to the secret satisfaction of all the artists who have already made his acquaintance he renounces writing for painting, his first love. A book of very great interest to all lovers of winter sports in the Alps is Mr. Reginald Clever's "A Winter Sport Book," which will contain a number of his best drawings. The Head Master of Eton has supplied an Introduction. It will be a new experience for a Head Master to be criticised. We have no doubt that we shall be able to give him high marks.

Mr. Ernest A. Vizetelly has chosen a new and curiously fascinating subject for his new book. Turning from Emile Zola, who was something of an anarchist in literature, he has utilised his observation during forty years of journalism of the revolutionary movements of political sects at home and abroad, and written a book called "The Anarchists: their Record and their Creed." It goes without saying that he has dealt largely with the teaching and efforts of Michael Bakunin, the Father of Anarchism. The deeds—

the horrible deeds—are set down of all militant anarchists with historical precision, relieved by vivid anecdotal touches based on the author's personal recollections of one or other victim or assassin. Mr. John Lane is the publisher. From Mr. Lane we are to have a new novel by Mr. Arthur H. Adams, called "A Touch of Fantasy," a romance for those who are lucky enough to wear glasses. The title is a little suggestive of Mr. J. M. Barrie; but those who remember this author's "Galahad Jones," in which the podgy bank clerk was suddenly smitten with the forty feeling on his sea-side holiday, will know that Mr. Adams belongs to no school.

How Mr. Hilaire Belloc finds time to write books is one of the great mysteries of the world. Not content with editing a weekly journal, much of which he appears to write himself, and all the rest of which he obviously inspires, he delivers addresses, sings his own songs, and argues for hours with Mr. Chesterton, and plays a fair game of billiards and writes poems. Nevertheless, he has added to his ever-lengthening list of printed volumes one called "British Battles"—the first of a series. He takes some of our famous battles, beginning with Blenheim, and treats them in monograph form, with maps, adding the political circumstances which led up to each one. They are to be published by Stephen Swift and Co., whose list becomes more and more stimulating.

Mr. H. H. Penrose's new novel deals with the difficulties of a young wife during the absence of her husband on foreign service, a subject which requires a tactful as well as a brave and sympathetic pen. The book is called "A Sheltered Woman," so we trust that, whatever may be the difficulties of other young wives in such circumstances, they do not put her to any great perturbation. Alston Rivers and Co. are the publishers.

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

TROUBLED CHINA

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

THE situation in China is critical. At the time of writing it is impossible to predict with any degree of certitude what will happen in the future. Communications are interrupted, and so far no account worthy of being called a narrative of the events that led up to the revolution, or of those now taking place, has been received. It is known, however, that the insurrection is proceeding on a scale far greater than that of any previous rising in China of a similar nature; that the rebels are exhibiting a wise and far-seeing policy in doing all in their power to protect foreign residents and interests; that the widespread disaffection of the Army has given them military support; and that in consequence of the capture of the Hangyang arsenal they are for the moment well equipped with arms and ammunition. Nevertheless, it is still a long and hazardous march to Peking, and apparently the Imperial authorities hold the seven hundred miles of railway between Hankow, where the main forces of the revolutionaries appear to be now concentrated, and the capital. The recall of Yuan Shih-kai and his acceptance of high office is a dramatic development in the situation. Hitherto Yuan, in spite of tempting offers, has persistently refrained from lending his powerful aid to a distressful Government. Doubtless he anticipated that the time would come when the state of China would demand his return on terms he could himself lay down, and events have proved that he has not erred in his judgment. Whether he succeeds or not in the stupendous task which he has undertaken solely depends

upon the loyalty of the troops at his disposal. It cannot be denied that the prestige of his name and personality will go a long way towards stemming disloyalty; but at the same time it must not be forgotten that he has been more than a year away from the scene of action, that from end to end the land is weary of Manchu tyranny and ripe for revolution, and that the rebels have already achieved substantial successes. Yuan is an ambitious man. Indeed, it was largely on account of fear of his growing power that the Government decided upon so drastic a measure as his summary dismissal from office. If he suppresses the revolution then it is not unlikely that he will relegate the Regency to the background and constitute himself Dictator of the Realm. In that event his record as an enlightened reformer promises well. But the question naturally arises as to whether Yuan the Dictator would be as progressive as Yuan the ambitious statesman intriguing for power and place?

YUAN SHIH-KAI.

Yuan Shih-kai was not of aristocratic origin, a fact which goes to show that conservative China has learnt the lesson of true democracy. We first hear of him as occupying the important post of Director-General of Trade and International Relations in Korea at a time when the disagreement arose between his country and Japan concerning their respective rights in the Peninsular Kingdom. This disagreement, it will be remembered, culminated in the China-Japanese war. But it is to the year 1898 that we must turn in order to find his real advent into the political destinies of his country, for it was then that he was placed in command of an army corps in the metropolitan province of Chih-li. Kuang Hsu, almost entirely under the sway of the Empress-Dowager, made a gallant effort to assert the Imperial authority. He summoned round him men who held advanced views, chief among whom was Kang Yu-wei—the "Modern Sage," as he was known to his countrymen. Under the influence of this truly remarkable man the young Emperor issued a series of edicts which, had they been promulgated, would have revolutionised the national polity. A Court, cleavage was the immediate result, and the Emperor, fearing active opposition from his Imperial aunt, who was, of course, supported by the whole of the reactionary party, sent orders to General Yuan Shih-kai to concentrate his forces in and around the capital. For reasons which to this day form the subject of argument, Yuan Shih-kai, disregarding these orders, revealed the Emperor's plans to the Empress, who promptly effected the famous *coup d'état* which gave her the supreme power, and reduced her well-meaning nephew to the position of a puppet.

During the Boxer Rebellion of 1900 Yuan Shih-kai again distinguished himself. At the time the province of Shantung, where the trouble originated, was governed by the notorious Yu-hsien, a Manchu of the worst reactionary type. His policy has led to the slaughter of large numbers of native Christians, and when eventually a foreign missionary was done to death by the Boxers, the diplomatic body in Peking insisted upon the withdrawal and degradation of Yu-hsien and the substitution of a more enlightened man. Although his degradation was not carried into effect, he was forthwith removed, and Yuan Shih-kai, probably as a reward for his action during the *coup d'état*, succeeded to the post. A piquant illustration of the manner in which the new Governor dealt with the insurrection was given by Mr. Charles Denby, at one time Consul-General for the United States in Shanghai:—

When Yuan (he said) went to Shantung to replace the previous Governor he took his foreign-drilled troops with him. He had had some experience as a Chinese Resident in Korea, and he had gained from the China-Japan war some knowledge of the meaning of foreign methods and of the

value to be attached to foreign goodwill. Upon his arrival at the capital of his province he was called upon by a committee of prominent Boxer leaders, who proceeded to explain their doctrines to him, and to impress upon the new Governor their claims to invulnerability. Yuan listened to them with apparent respect, congratulated them upon their supernatural powers, and ended by inviting them to dine with him, and meet some of the notable people of the province. It is needless to say that the Boxers were pleased with the impression they had made, and they promptly accepted the invitation. Before the feast was over Yuan had brought the conversation round to a discussion of the mysterious Boxer powers, and stated that a demonstration of their claims would not only be beneficial to the Boxers themselves, but would set at rest an apparent want of confidence which he had noticed amongst some of the leading people of his province. He then invited the committee to step out on to the parade-ground, where the demonstration would take place. The unfortunate committee were lined up against a wall, notwithstanding their protests, where they found themselves confronted by a squad of foreign-drilled riflemen from the camp at Hsiao-chan. The word "Fire" was given, every member of the committee fell dead, and it is stated that this demonstration of the Boxer claims was a material factor in keeping the province of Shantung in order throughout the remaining period of the uprising.

It must not, however, be supposed that in taking measures to suppress the uprising, which undoubtedly enjoyed Imperial sanction, Yuan Shih-kai alienated the Imperial favour. Herein he showed his astuteness. When the Empress-Dowager and the Court forsook the Forbidden City and fled before the allied forces of the Powers, Yuan Shih-kai succeeded in establishing communication with the Imperial fugitives and in supplying them with much-needed funds. That his attitude on this occasion had merited the highest approval was shown subsequently when, in 1901, he was appointed Viceroy of the metropolitan province of Chih-li. It was during his official residence in the Viceregal Yamen at Tientsin that a friend of mine met this great administrator:—

The occasion (my friend described) was the first reception which he had given to Europeans. Although we were a limited number of guests, there were not a sufficient number of carriages in the town to convey us to the Yamen. Consequently, while some went in 'ricshas, not a few cycled and walked. The route from the foreign settlement lay along a well-lighted and broad bund by the side of the winding Peiho. At intervals of every few yards gendarmes were stationed, and as we passed by, with true Chinese courtesy, they brought their rifles to the salute. After a drive of nearly two miles we crossed a bridge, and a few moments later reached the Yamen. There was nothing pretentious or palatial about the residence of the Viceroy. On entering the main gateway, a ponderous structure of wood, we were met by a number of attendants, who led us past a guard of honour and through a series of gateways and outer courtyards to the main reception-hall. Here we were received by a mandarin, who conducted us to the audience-chamber in the centre of which, seated on a plain blackwood chair, was the Viceroy. A thick-set, powerful figure of medium height, with a round bullet head from which shone a pair of piercing dark eyes, he gave one the impression of the old type of Chinese warrior rather than of the courtly statesman one is accustomed to meet in official circles in the capital. The Viceroy, although credited with some knowledge of the written language, spoke very little English. Consequently the audience was very brief, and in the case of those who were unable to speak Chinese was limited to a mere hand-shake. At one end of the chamber there was a substantially-built theatre, richly decorated with gilt and gorgeous hangings. During the whole of the reception a play was in progress to the accompaniment of weird Chinese music, the

clashing of cymbals, and the beating of pigskin drums. The Chinese classics and the stirring deeds of Manchu warriors in past ages provided themes for illustration, and the parts of bearded knights and fair maidens were alike taken by youths whose ages ranged from twelve to sixteen. After leaving the audience-chamber we were conducted by mandarins dressed in richly coloured silks and wearing peacock feathers in their hats to another room, where the scene was in strange contrast to that which we had just left. Here from two long tables lavish hospitality was dispensed in European style. Subsequently in a terraced garden where pagodas loomed against the sky and quaint stone bridges cast their shadows on a lake silvered by the moonlight we witnessed a display of fireworks and listened to the melodies of the West as interpreted by a band of uniformed Chinese musicians, a band which was originally in the service of Li Hung-chang.

Many and far-reaching were the reforms instituted by Yuan Shih-kai during his residence in Tientsin as Viceroy of Chih-li, and his progressive influence gained rapidly in the capital itself. He established Universities at Tientsin and Pao-ting Fu, and engaged staffs of foreign teachers to fill the more responsible positions. In the former city he thoroughly reorganised the municipal government, and was directly responsible for such modern innovations as electric lighting, electric trams, waterworks, and sanitation. But it was not alone in the domain of civil reform than Yuan Shih-kai proved himself to be so capable an administrator, for he also established an enduring reputation as an efficient military commander and organiser. Under penalty of severe punishment he forbade his soldiers to smoke opium, thus improving their physique and morale; while by remitting their pay regularly, instead of transferring it to his own pocket—a time-honoured custom in China—he ensured their efficiency and loyalty. That he possessed an enlightened appreciation of the necessity for thoroughness, and, in this respect, a wholesome sensitiveness to foreign criticism, was shown during the autumn manoeuvres held at Ho-chien Fu in 1905, when he issued the following characteristic order to his troops:—

The degree of skill and completeness of each regiment will be recorded and preserved by the Board of War, and published to the world, and according to your forthcoming performances, will be the object of other nations' admiration or contempt. Let not these foreigners have occasion to laugh at us, or despise us for lack of military capacity. Do not you soldiers be the cause of your Government uselessly spending the immense sums necessitated by these manoeuvres. Any regiment or military unit making a spectacle of itself or causing the foreigners to laugh at them, will be severely punished, and the officers degraded. Take note of my instructions, and let them be carefully obeyed.

Yuan Shih-kai retained his Viceregal post in the metropolitan province until September, 1908, when he was summoned to the capital and appointed a member of the Grand Council and of the Foreign Office. During the term of his Viceroyalty Yuan Shih-kai, as the principal adviser to the Empress, was faced with the arduous task of endeavouring to reconcile the conflicting demands of the two great parties in the land. On the one hand he had to deal with the greed, the prejudice, and the corruption of the official reactionary party, opposed as it was to any policy of progress, and on the other he had to keep in check and at the same time to placate the ambitions of the Young China party—ambitions the real end and aim of which were the overthrow of the dynasty. It is little wonder therefore that when he was called to the capital he became immediately the object of sinister intrigue. In spite of all opposing influences, however, he succeeded in maintaining his ascendancy in the Councils of the State until the early part of 1909, when, at

one stroke, as it were, death removed from the scene his Imperial mistress and her hapless nephew.

The Regent had not long assumed the reins of government when the long and persevering machinations of the Manchu reactionaries culminated in the downfall of Yuan Shih-kai. Since that momentous event, although new forms have been instituted, little real progress has been made in the methods of the Administration. In this respect the following extract from an article which I contributed to the *Fortnightly Review* as far back as March, 1910 faithfully depicts the position of affairs as it exists to-day:—

So long, however, as bribery and corruption prevail in the central Administration in Peking, it is clear that no attempt at serious reform can succeed. Meanwhile, the younger generation is rapidly acquiring enlightened views, and with this knowledge has come a widespread and genuine interest in the welfare of the nation. Whether or not the so-called progressive spirit that is undoubtedly manifesting itself among the masses will be directed along the lines of wisdom, or whether it will seek, while still condemning the incompetence and dishonesty of the Central Government, to lay the burden of the blame for the ills that afflict the land indiscriminately upon the shoulders of all foreigners, is a matter for deep concern. More than one authority acquainted with the situation has ventured to predict that the near future holds many disturbing elements, and are anxious lest these disturbing elements should manifest themselves in a revolt against the dynasty, a revolt, moreover, that might conceivably involve outbreaks of an anti-foreign nature. The jealousy of the Powers renders to-day as hopeless as ever any prospect of an international agreement that would save the situation. Great Britain, if she does not frankly subscribe to the policy of Japan, gives at least tacit support to that policy by her diplomatic silence. In spite of her reverses in the late war, Russia is still powerful in the north, and by building the Amur Railway is paving the way for a further increase of her prestige, if not of her possessions, in the Far East. The United States alone has raised her voice in favour of the maintenance of the Open Door policy in Manchuria, and all her preparations go to show that she is determined that this voice shall not be heard in vain. Sufficient has been written to show that the passing of Yuan Shih-kai from the scene at a time when China was in one of the most critical periods of her history has been followed by grave consequences, the ultimate end of which no man can foresee. Rumour has ascribed to the Regent an eager desire for the recall of the great statesman, but so far he has not been induced to emerge from retirement. For the past decade China has been in a state of slow transition. Wars, disturbances, and famine have clouded her reason, and men have risen and fallen. In a land where the ways of diplomacy are devious, it is not saying too much that Yuan Shih-hai the fallen of yesterday may be the uplifted of to-day.

MOTORING

It will be welcome news to motorists that at last there is to be a serious effort made by the Automobile Association and Motor Union to improve hotel arrangements where motorists are concerned. As is generally known, for several years every town of any importance in the country has contained hotels which have been dignified by official "appointments" from one or other of the big motoring organisations, but it is to be feared that such appointments have in many cases been conferred in a somewhat haphazard manner. However that may be, complaints from motorists of inattention, inadequate accommodation, and excessive charges at these establishments have been so frequent that the committee of the A.A. and M.U. have determined to at once institute a vigorous

A NEW FACTOR IN MOTORING.

The best is generally good enough for most people; but generally most people are lamentably unsuccessful in getting the best. How, for example, may the motorist get the best tyre? It is the matter of moment to him; but only the costly experiment will answer the question satisfactorily.

If he could exhaustively test every tyre on the market until the best had been determined; if his years of experience and an expert knowledge of rubber and its preparation, had given him ideas for improvement which he could incorporate in that best tyre, and again exhaustively test until he was entirely satisfied with the results, he would be able to claim that he had the best. Is that not so?

Then we have the best tyre because that has been our method. With entire liberty of choice we made our selection, incorporated our ideas, entered into a binding contract with the manufacturers (a firm of the highest reputation and experience), and produced—the **VICTOR TYRE**. Indisputably the **VICTOR TYRE** is the best.

The **VICTOR VEST** continues its extraordinary successful career. The **VICTOR VEST** is a new foundation, and a new life, for any old cover. It prevents punctures and bursts, and enables the cover to be run to its last shred of tread. We give a written guarantee that it will save 50 per cent. on normal tyre cost—£5 on every £10 spent on tyres.

These two make a new factor in motoring. With the **VICTOR RETREADS** (sound covers for unsound free) they make the most effective trio available to the motorist to-day. We shall be glad to prove that.

THE CHALLENGE RUBBER MILLS, EAGLE WHARF, ROAD, CITY ROAD, LONDON, N.

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campaign to secure a better order of things, and have voted £1,000 for the purpose. This is intended as a start only, and there will be plenty more money forthcoming should it be required. The Association's record shows that it is not in the habit of taking up a reform without seeing it through, and it is confidently hoped that before long the A.A. and M.U. official appointment of any hotel will be accepted as a genuine guarantee of excellence in such important details as cleanliness, courtesy, and good catering charges.

At the forthcoming Show one interesting feature which has characterised previous exhibitions at Olympia will be conspicuous by its absence—namely, the polished chassis which has hitherto constituted the sole exhibit on the Rolls-Royce stand. In its place will be three complete cars, ready for the road. The reason for this change of programme is that last year the general public had considerable difficulty in getting near enough to the chassis to inspect it, owing to its being constantly surrounded by young motor engineers and students engaged in sketching its salient features. Another departure is that in future Rolls-Royce cars will be distinguished by a series number instead of by the number of the year. This is due to the fact that the design of the engine and chassis undergoes improvements several times in the course of the twelve months, so that such descriptions as "1911" or "1912" type are not sufficient. We are informed that the current model embodies a number of improvements which may not be obvious to the casual observer, but which all tend still further to improve the running of the car. For special reasons the directors of the Company do not wish exact details of these improvements to be published at present, but it may be said that the latest chassis is more rigid and simpler in construction than its predecessors, that there are notable changes in the design of the engine, and that the suspension has been improved. In view of the success which has attended the policy of concentrating upon one model only, which was initiated by the managing director, Mr. Claude Johnson, some five or six years ago, it is almost unnecessary to state that there will be no departure in this respect.

Every experienced motorist knows how unsatisfactory and unreliable are the ordinary methods of repairing bursts in covers when the damage is at all extensive. When the burst is only an inch or so in length there is no difficulty in dealing with it effectively; but it is probably no exaggeration to say that at least 50 per cent. of covers are discarded before they are half worn out, solely because of bursts which are too big to be permanently repaired by the usual process. It is interesting to learn, therefore, that the Challenge Rubber Mills, of Eagle Wharf Road, N., have just introduced an entirely new method which enables them to guarantee to repair a burst of any dimensions so effectively that the damaged part becomes stronger than any other part of the tyre. It consists of firmly uniting the two sides of the burst by a special sailor's lock-stitching with sail-thread of great strength, backing with Egyptian canvas, and then rubbering in the usual way. The writer has examined the new process in its various stages, and is of opinion that it marks a great advance in the art of tyre-repairing.

At the Berlin Motor Exhibition, which was opened on the 12th inst. and will close on the 22nd, it is interesting to note that about 83 per cent. of all the cars exhibited are fitted with "Continental" tyres, the remaining percentage being distributed among nine different makes. It may be

remembered that of the cars which took part in the recent Prince Henry Reliability Tour considerably over 50 per cent. were equipped with "Continentials."

R. B. H.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

For some days there has been a determined effort made to put prices better. The public are not in any of the markets. But the dealers are thoroughly sick of doing nothing. They are even unable to sell, for there is no one to buy what they offer. It is a curious fact that very few people except the really wise ever go into the market at the bottom. They always wait until the rise has begun. The average speculator invariably comes in at the top. The Stock Exchange knows this habit of the gambler and therefore marks up prices in the hope that the rise may lure people to the Stock Exchange. The pessimist is very unpopular to-day. By some peculiar method of reasoning he is made responsible for the misfortunes of the present year. One might as well make a yokel responsible for a thunderstorm because he remarked beforehand that there was tempest in the air. Optimism is an admirable thing in small doses. Taken in large quantities it probably produces a most dangerous condition of mind. The average Englishman always goes to extremes; that is why he seldom makes money by gambling. The Jew, on the other hand, has a very adaptable mind. He acts as an optimist one day, and the next day sells everything he has. And this without any sense that it is a disgraceful thing to change your mind.

As a matter of fact the quicker you change your mind in the City the more you will make. Plainly we have all had quite enough misfortune. But the question is whether our natural desire to see things better will have any effect upon prices. After the American panic Optimist Clubs were established in every town in the United States, and nine-tenths of the citizens of that great Republic wore little buttons with the word "Smile" engraved upon them. They also pledged themselves to smile whatever happened; and they went still further. They promised that, whether trade was good or trade was bad, they would continue to employ the same number of workmen and pay them the same wages. I need hardly say that these clubs had a short life, and that very few members carried out their promises. The application of the tenets of Christian Science to finance was a complete and hopeless failure. We are now trying a similar experiment in England. We are pretending that everything is very good, whereas, as a matter of fact, the foreign political outlook is extremely bad. There is this in favour of the optimist: trade in England is good, and the Englishman has not over-specified. His investments in foreign countries have increased enormously, and he is not re-investing the profits. Finance is, however, so interwoven one country with another that anything that is bad for America affects Germany, and anything that is bad for Germany affects France, whilst England, as the central money-market of the world, feels the slightest movement. Last week I called attention to the serious position that Germany had got herself into by over-speculating, but the Germans keep on declaring that their country is stronger than ever, and point to the ease with which the end of the September Settlement was arranged. "Methinks the lady doth protest too much."

MONEY.—Money is going away from London very rapidly, and some people are afraid that the Bank Rate will be put up. It is hardly likely to be advanced unless the Reichsbank first moves up its Rate. Then we should be compelled to follow suit. The rates of exchange are altering; undoubtedly the money position is becoming complicated. Great Britain cannot afford to lose much of the gold that

comes from the Cape each week. At the moment the Bank position is good, but what is still better is the position of our great joint stock banks. These banks at the end of September showed a very high percentage of cash against deposits. The decrease in the total cash of eleven of the leading banks showed a fall of nearly two millions on the August figures, whilst the deposits showed an increase of two and three-quarter millions. Some of our banks are very well protected, the Union holding 34.79 per cent. of cash, Parr's 35.66, the Joint Stock 31.16, the London City and Midland 29.75. These are all very high proportions. On the whole it does not appear likely that we shall get any rise in rates. But it is a dangerous thing to prophesy.

CONSOLS.—Consols have been firm the whole week, mainly no doubt because there are more bears about than there were some months ago, and these bears are becoming nervous. If the Italian difficulty vanished we should see a very sharp rise in Consols. The efforts of the Post Office to sell Consols is also having an effect on the market. It is quite possible that our premier security will gradually get back to 80.

FOREIGNERS.—The Chinese rebellion has had a certain effect upon Chinese securities. But it is plain to every one that the rebels are composed of the most intelligent people in China, and that even if the Manchu dynasty is overthrown the foreign relations of the Celestial Empire will hardly be changed. In any case there is not the smallest fear of any repudiation. China is in a strong financial position, and if she secured the much-wanted currency reform and could do away with the exactions of the Governors she would be one of the most prosperous countries in the world. Every one wishes the rebels a successful ending, for they are actuated by the sincerest patriotic motives. Turks and Italians have been very steady, and there has been quite a boom in Perus. Some people go so far as to talk Peru Prefs to 50 on a marvellous report and a big dividend. But it seems to me that they are even to-day too high.

HOME RAILS.—The public is quietly picking up Home Railway stocks. I am not surprised. The Government has shown itself determined in the matter of railway strikes, and the investor now sees that public opinion is strong enough to control the agitator, or at any rate to prevent him from going too far. All our leading railways are quoted too low considering the security that they offer. The '89, '91, and '94 preferences of the Great Central have all been bought, and Dover A are still purchased. A big bull account must be in process of building up here, and long before the Kent Coal is marketed I expect a bad break.

YANKERS.—The latest news with regard to the American Tobacco Company is that the Government have agreed to this Trust being divided into three companies. But candidly this seems too simple a solution. The American Tobacco Company is a complicated affair, and it is hardly likely that the Government would allow it to be split up into three companies all under the same management, working in unison. Prices in the American market are low. But trade seems to hesitate, and reports from the West are not very satisfactory. Investors may disregard fluctuations that send a tremor through the speculator, and for those who wish to pay for their stock and put it away most of the leading American railways are cheap purchases to-day. It is unlikely that any boom will occur before the end of the year. The United States bankers have been helped continually by the big German houses, and they are now returning the compliment by financing Berlin. This in itself will prevent any rise being initiated. The politician has evidently made up his mind that he can obtain votes by attacking the Trusts, Unpopular as the Trusts are, the American voter is not so foolish as to be blind to the danger of persecuting the great corporations. It is absurd to say that these corporations are responsible for the rise in prices. They have taken advantage of the rise to increase their profits. But they did not initiate it.

RUBBER.—The rubber market becomes more depressed every day, and Linggis are now down below 35s. It looks very much as though this share had touched the bottom. But

the prices of most rubber shares are still too high to tempt the investor. For example, the Singapore Para, which is quoted at 3s. 6d., issues a report showing a profit of only £9,200. It is silly to pay 1s. 6d. premium on a 2s. share when the dividend is only 10 per cent. Last year Sumatra Para paid a dividend of 12½, and it might pay the same dividend during the current year. This would make the shares an expensive purchase at 2s. 6d. The public realise the dangers of a tropical plantation and are quite determined not to buy any rubber share unless it will give a clear 10 per cent. The Daejan meeting was a very lively affair, and, indeed, most of the rubber meetings now are far from pleasant. Even in the best companies the yield to people who bought at the top of the boom is so small that holders become easily irritated. It is never pleasant to realise that you have made a fool of yourself.

OIL.—Mr. Henry has issued his massive volume on the Oil-fields of New Zealand. It is probably a preliminary to the prospectus of a New Zealand Oil Company. Lobitos have been boomed on official cables, and Nigeria Bitumen keep fairly steady, being helped considerably by Sir Boverton Redwood's report on the sample of oil from the deep well. The oil market was very good last week, but has slackened off the last few days. Although Maikop has turned out an unmitigated failure, such shares as Shells, Spies, Burmah, California are sound purchases.

KAFFIRS.—Kaffir shares do not move and the big houses only support the market very sparingly. There is nothing to go for, and prices will have to fall a little lower before the best shares can be considered an investment. They are still too high if we take into consideration the life of the mines.

RHODESIANS.—Tanganyikas continue to fall mainly because the Belgian speculators are being squeezed for money and have to unload. I cannot hear that there is anything seriously wrong at the property itself. I think the fall is due mainly to over-speculation on the Continent. Other Rhodesian shares are fairly steady. The Scottish Mashonaland report is very disappointing, and some nasty questions were asked at the Jumbo meeting, which, however, went off better than any one expected, thanks to the able chairmanship of Mr. Rowsell.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Omnibus shares have been bought heavily by three or four brokers on special information with regard to the report. But they seem to be rather top-heavy, and unless the report is extremely good might easily go back. Marconis have issued a circular stating that they intend to ask for further capital. They will give the shareholders an opportunity to make money out of the new issue, and this has made the shares very firm.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

"THE COMPLEAT OXFORD MAN"—A REVIEW
REVIEWED*

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Most books that attempt to portray the life and habits of the genus undergraduate are summarised by the victims of these dastardly attempts in a manner which is brief but very much to the point, as "rot." Indeed, the characteristics of this strange animal would seem to be somewhat elusive, seeing that a really successful likeness has seldom, if ever, been produced before. When, therefore, a book appears containing a minimum of "rot" and a maximum of truth it is all the more depressing to find that the reviewer—whose business it is, of course, to cavil at something—should light upon the very points which are particularly true to life as the objects of his censures.

Fond papas, we suppose, do not like to hear that their offspring not uncommonly indulge in *Veuve Clicquot*—a luxury which they

*The Academy, October 7.

themselves perhaps can afford but once or twice a year; while it is a great shock to the tender susceptibilities of that excellent lady Mrs. Grundy to learn that the ranks of the Church are often recruited from the more—shall we say?—spirited members of the Universities. So that these good people may not be pained, there steps forth the kindly critic to allay their fears, and to comfort them with the assurance that in these matters the author has undoubtedly “wandered far from fact.” It is none the less true for that, however, that the consumption of champagne is far from uncommon; and it is just at this period in his career that the newly fledged manling, in all the glory of his new-found manhood, insists, upon the least possible provocation, on giving this last convincing proof of his man's estate—which, though patent to himself, must be well impressed upon others—and orders up, with the most indifferent air that he can assume, a bottle of Bollinger or a pint of Pommery. Added to which there is no time in life in which one is more reckless in throwing about money than during the few glorious years that are spent within the precincts of Oxford. Hence even those who afterwards develop into the most careful of men, when at the ‘Varsity stand not upon the order of their spending, but spend, and hesitate not to waste their substance upon the most alluring of liquors.

As regards the lively gentlemen, “very often destined for the Church,” we must confess that Mr. Gibbs has given us the wrong type of rowdy man, and that the kind of man to whom we are referring could not be called a hooligan. Nevertheless it is undeniably the case (I know of three examples in my own college alone) that men who have gained a reputation for having the most exhaustive knowledge of the class of story that cannot be called questionable (for there is no question whatever as to its character since very little is left to the imagination) and who are renowned for the frequency of the occasions upon which they are seen to be the worse for liquor, not infrequently enter the Church. It is not suggested that they do not leave behind them all their wicked ways when they leave the scenes of their orgies, or that they make any the worse clergymen because of their youthful excesses. On the contrary, they probably turn out to be much better men for the work they have to do than the mincing type of curate who has ever cherished that virtue which knows no evil. Why disguise this fact—for fact it is? But these men are not hooligans of the kind described by Mr. Gibbs. In this I am convinced that Mr. Gibbs has just missed the mark; but he is a great deal nearer to the truth than his reviewer, who considers that there is much “wandering far from fact” in the suggestion that any other than the most decorous and priggish of men could ever aspire to the sanctity of Holy Orders.

Needless to say that the Oxford man Mr. Gibbs tells us about is not really “complete.” But that is because it is absolutely impossible for any one man to know the Oxford man in all his phases. Of course, there is no reference to cricket in this book! The hero is a rowing man, and what rowing man knows anything about cricket at Oxford, except that a lot of men do play cricket somewhere or other, that the cricketers have a jolly good time in Eights Week, and that the ‘Varsity Match at Lords is rather the thing to go to?

Mr. Gibbs has not told of the politician at Oxford—that enthusiastic person, convinced of the righteousness of his cause and the infallibility of his panaceas for all the ills to which the State is heir. This gentleman frequents political clubs, and reads “papers” to the members, who listen, intent upon smoking hard, drinking mulled claret, and, like raging lions, seeking what they may devour with their caustic wit, when they are called upon to discuss his paper.

Then there is the decadent, who is to be found surrounded by objects artistic—choicely bound volumes, and old prints. He is clothed in a wonderful dressing-gown and enveloped in a haze of tobacco-smoke. His cigarettes are Russian. Italy furnishes the quaint old oil-lamp which provides the only light. He is interested in the psychology of the Emperor Heliogabalus, and will discuss for hours with one of his kind whether the “katharsis” of the emotions, spoken of by Aristotle, was upon the moral or the artistic plane.

Nor do we find any description of Commem. or Eights. But the subject is inexhaustible, and the Oxford Man in his completeness is known to no single individual.

There are, it must be confessed, even in this book certain things that must come under the heading “rot;” such as the intimation that the girl-students of Somerville can make appointments to play golf with strange undergrads; or the suggestion (involved in satirising it) of the existence of a rigid caste system between the men of different years standing in the ‘Varsity. I must also repudiate with horror the allegation that Oxford helps to swell the ranks of the “Great Unwashed.” Indeed, I never

knew a creature with a greater hankering after the delights of the tub than the undergrad.

But to counterbalance these temporary aberrations from truth, there are some particularly excellent touches—i.e., when mention is made of a crowd of “apparently” drunk young men. Nothing could be better than the opening chapter as to the feelings of the Fresher upon his arrival at Oxford; the chapter on “Cornstalking,” or that entitled a “Hard Morning's Work,” in which is shown how good intentions are oft rendered vain by the sheer glory of Oxford itself, which sometimes precludes the remotest possibility of work.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

AN OXFORD UNDERGRADUATE.

PLYMOUTH: FUTURE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The able article on this subject in your issue of the 7th has interested me a good deal as a former resident of this station, as well as of Portsmouth and Malta. The concluding questions of your contributor are, I fear, not to be answered in a favourable sense with any great confidence.

Facts have, indeed, come lately to my knowledge from official sources which look very ominous as regards the future. Though Plymouth may not have been so hard hit by the falling birth-rate as Blackpool, Brighton, or Glasgow, I presume part at least of the slow but sure *diminution in school attendances* for the Western port may be attributed to that cause. As yet both Brighton and Plymouth show an increase of total population, which would lead to the idea that in both places a change is occurring which the Registrar-General has repeatedly referred to. I mean a shrinkage in the proportion of children to total population. This of course is a very serious matter, more especially when the reports of the local education authorities reveal to the careful inquirer that a certain number of attendances in both places are of those living outside the borough boundaries!

It is only fair to say that some of the diminution referred to—which is also taking place in the Commonwealth of Australia—is to be considered due to children under five being sent to school in fewer numbers. The Board of Education has mentioned this matter in the last Annual Report, but in a somewhat cryptic and hesitating fashion.

Looking at the problem of Plymouth from the standpoint of comparative geography, it occurs to one that what is stated as to the naval authorities thwarting the commercial growth of the port might be extended to apply to other harbours.

On the other hand, cases may easily be cited which would serve to show that commercial ports and naval stations can get no fairly well with a few miles (more or less) separating them. To take only a few examples, Southampton and Portsmouth, Havre and Cherbourg, Marseilles and Toulon, Trieste and Pola, Venice and Ancona, Cape Town and Simon's Bay, seem to suggest for one thing that commerce is not always inconsolable for a certain degree of absence on the part of torpedoed, mines, and submarines. Were I acquainted with any syndicate or group with £2,000,000 to spend on docks and so forth, I should be disposed to suggest, “Try Falmouth instead of Plymouth.”

STATIST.

AFTER THE CRISIS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have read the striking article by “Politician” on “The Royal Position,” and I sorrowfully confess that it exactly expresses my own opinion. I have only to suggest that Republican aspirations were given an undue prominence in connection with the “advice” which was tendered to his Majesty.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

IMMO S. ALLEN.

October 14th, 1911.

W. B. YEATS AND J. M. SYNGE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In his interesting review of Mr. Yeats' new book your contributor says:—“Mr. Yeats' account of the 1899 meeting in Paris is only available in an Introduction of Synge's ‘Well of

the Saints," published some years ago by A. H. Bullen, and not very easily procurable now."

This is incorrect. This Introduction is reprinted in Mr. Yeats' collected works under the title *Mr. Synge and his Plays*, and appears in Vol. VIII., pp. 173-182.—Yours faithfully,

M. P.

Enfield.

THE LATE MR. CHURTON COLLINS AND ROBERT GREENE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In Mr. Frank Harris' appreciative review of the "Life" of my father, Professor Churton Collins, he misquoted a statement of mine by saying that Professor Collins searched the registers of forty-two churches in Norwich to find the date of the poet Greene's death—and found it. What I stated in my book was that my father searched the said registers to find the entry of Greene's baptism—and found it.

I would not have commented on Mr. Harris' obvious (to any Elizabethan student) slip had I not seen in this week's ACADEMY that a Miss (or Mrs.) Hester Brayne repeats the misstatement, and solemnly quotes it as an example of my father's "inaccurate, inept, and incoherent" scholarship. Dear, dear!—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

L. C. COLLINS.

35, Cavendish Mansions, West Hampstead, Oct. 14th, 1911.

THE FURTHER STRAND IMPROVEMENT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The years pass by and still the middle and eastern island sites in the Strand remain unoccupied. It is nearly nine years since the Further Strand Improvement Committee was instituted at a public meeting held in the Essex Hall, and the position of affairs with regard to the Strand is what it then was, with the exception that a small plot has been built on by the Government of Victoria, Australia. Private enterprise will not touch this land as now laid out on the terms demanded by the London County Council, although it is situate in what is perhaps the most frequented thoroughfare in the Metropolis. This is a serious loss to the ratepayers and a blot on the Capital of the Empire. Not only does the land remain unoccupied, but one of the buildings erected on the western island site—viz., the Gaiety Hotel and Restaurant—is closed.

Under these circumstances, after a decade of failure to get the land covered, it is not unreasonable to ask the London County Council to reconsider its policy in this connection. All parties on the Council are equally responsible for the policy adopted up to now, so that there should be no party feeling aroused by the reopening of the question.

The plan advocated by the Further Strand Improvement Committee has received the widest and most influential support, and the Press has been practically unanimous in its approval, while the only serious objection in the Council itself was the one of cost. The Council was advised that the land required to carry out the plan of the Committee would involve a loss in land value of no less than £239,400. The Committee has always taken exception to this valuation, and it has now obtained an independent valuation from Messrs. Southon and Robinson, the well-known surveyors of Chancery Lane, who put the value of the land required for the improved roadway and island pavement provided in the plan of the Committee at not more than £107,500, or no less than £131,900 below the estimate on which the refusal of the Council to adopt the plan of the Committee was based.

Messrs. Southon and Robinson's report is an interesting document, and certainly makes out a very strong case for consideration.—I am, &c.,

MARK H. JUDGE, Honorary Secretary.

Further Strand Improvement Committee, 7, Pall Mall,
S.W., October 10th, 1911.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

Red Revenge: A Romance of Cawnpore. By Charles E. Pearce. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.
God Disposes. By Pellew Hawker. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.

Mister Piccolo: The Story of a Gipsy Boy. By Brenda Girvin. Illustrated by Horace Quick. George Allen and Co. 3s. 6d.

The Mystery of Golde Fell; or, Not Proven. By Charlotte M. Brame. Stanley Paul and Co. 6d.

Ethan Frome. By Edith Wharton. Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d. net.

The Makers of Mischief. By Stanley Portal Hyatt. T. Werner Laurie. 6s.

The Pale Ape, and other Pulses. By M. P. Shiel. T. Werner Laurie. 6s.

Henry Cassland: His Personal Narrative of the Thames-Side Murder. Edited by Hubert Druce. Andrew Melrose. 6s.

Daisy the Minx: A Diversion. By Mary L. Pendered. Coloured Frontispiece. Ham-Smith. 6s.

Jacquine of the Hut: A Sark Story. By E. Gallienne Robin. Hurst and Blackett. 6s.

A Thoroughbred Mongrel: The Tale of a Dog Told by a Dog to Lovers of Dogs. By Stephen Townsend, F.R.C.S. Illustrated by J. A. Shepherd. Simpkin and Co. 3s. 6d.

The Reason Why. By Elinor Glyn. Duckworth and Co. 6s.

The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club. By Charles Dickens. With Coloured Plates. Chapman and Hall. 3s. 6d. net.

The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby. By Charles Dickens. With Coloured Plates. Chapman and Hall. 3s. 6d. net.

A Touch of Fantasy; A Romance for Those Who are Lucky Enough to Wear Glasses. By Arthur H. Adams. John Lane. 6s.

The Following of the Star. A Romance by Florence L. Barclay. Coloured Frontispiece. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 6s.

Between Heaven and Earth. By Otto Ludwig. Translated from the Original German by William Metcalfe. Gowans and Gray, Glasgow. 3s. 6d. net.

A Whistling Woman. By Robert Halifax. Constable and Co. 6s.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS

Jean de la Fontaine. By Frank Hamel. Illustrated. Stanley Paul and Co. 16s. net.

The Coburgs: The Story of the Rise of a Great Royal House. By Edmund B. d'Auvergne. Illustrated. Stanley Paul and Co. 16s. net.

Autobiographic Memoirs. By Frederic Harrison, D.C.L., Litt.D., LL.D. Two Vols. With Portrait Frontispieces. Macmillan and Co. 30s. net.

The English Court in Exile: James II. at Saint-Germain. By Edwin and Marion Sharpe Grew. Illustrated. Mills and Boon. 15s. net.

The Trooper Police of Australia: a Record of Mounted Police Work in the Commonwealth from the Earliest Days of Settlement to the Present Time. By A. L. Haydon. Illustrated. Andrew Melrose. 10s. 6d. net.

Society Sketches in the Eighteenth Century. By Norman Pearson. With Portraits. Edward Arnold. 12s. 6d. net.

Etudes d'Histoire (4e Série). By Arthur Chuquet. Fontemoing and Co., Paris. 3f. 50c.

Giovan-Antonio Bazzi, dit Le Sodoma (Les Maîtres de l'Art). By L. Gielly. Illustrated. Plon-Nourrit and Co., Paris. 3f. 50c.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Rise of the Novel of Manners. A Study of English Prose Fiction between 1600 and 1740. By Charlotte E. Morgan, Ph.D. The Columbia University Press, N.Y. \$1 50c. net.

A Tour through Old Provence. By A. S. Forrest. Illustrated. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s. net.

The Roadmender. By Michael Fairless. 28th Edition. Illustrated by E. W. Waite. Duckworth and Co. 7s. 6d. net.

Under the Roof of the Jungle: A Book of Animal Life in the Guiana Wilds. By Charles Livingston Bull. Illustrated. Duckworth and Co. 6s. net.

PUBLICATIONS.

The Literary Digest, N.Y.; Cambridge University Reporter; The Papyrus; The Bookseller; The Bodleian; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; The Wednesday Review; Trichinopoly; The Publishers' Circular; Constitution Papers; Revue Bleue; La Revue; La Grande Revue; The Collegian, An All India Journal of University and Technical Education, Calcutta; Mercure de France; Oxford and Cambridge Review; The University Correspondent; The Church Quarterly Review; The Traveller's Gazette.

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